

# THE VULCAN REVIEW

VOL. 1

VULCAN, ALBERTA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1912

No. 30

WE HAVE THE  
**Exclusive Agency**  
FOR  
**C.P. R. Lands**  
AND  
**Vulcan Townsite**

Our representative will be found in the office of **M. F. EARP, Vulcan** and Railway Streets

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Blacksmithing and  
General Wood Working  
First class work Give us a call  
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JOHN WILSON  
Funeral Director and Embalmer  
Hearse and services day or night  
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Physician and Surgeon  
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Auctioneer for Vulcan and Vicinity  
Dates made at Review Office  
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Auctioneer in all its branches  
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Call and get acquainted  
F. SMART, Prop.

BLACKSMITH SHOP  
and  
GENERAL REPAIRING  
PLOW WORK & HORSESHOEING  
E. W. ROBSON, Proprietor

**Vulcan Markets**

Butter	30
Eggs	30
Potatoes	15
Chickens	15
Pork, dressed	11
Beef	10
Flour, cwt.	3.50
Patent Flour, cwt.	3.75

M. W. A.  
Zenith camp, No. 13860, Modern  
Woodmen of America, meets every  
first and third Saturday nights of  
each month, at the Hub hall. Visit-  
ing neighbors are welcome.  
E. J. CHARTERS, A. J. FLOOD,  
V.C. Clerk

## The Observer

The popularity of the motor on the farm is an ever increasing feature of agricultural progress. A visit to the Robins ranch was an object lesson and a revelation to the Observer. There Messrs. Dickinson and Torrison point with justifiable pride to the work of the American Abell universal farm motor. This machine broke 1083 acres since April 10, besides discing and harrowing 880 acres, a total of 1963 acres. The repairs for the season cost less than \$25. The machine has run as high as 25 acres of breaking in one day, though the average is 22 acres per day. The machine travels regularly at two and a half miles per hour and is exceptionally quiet.

Farm education on wheels is the purpose for which a special "Mixed Farming" train will be run over the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern railways in the Province of Alberta, beginning on October 28 and lasting throughout the month of November.

The train was arranged for by the Hon. Duncan Marshall, minister of agriculture, who is receiving liberal assistance from the three railway companies, the officials of which have shown keen interest in the movement.

The Canadian Pacific, over whose lines the train will first be run, will furnish the equipment, consisting of two carloads of pure bred stock, two passenger coaches, fitted for lecture rooms, one baggage car for displays of grains, grasses, weeds and dairy produce, a carload of poultry, one sleeper, one diner and one box car.

"Schools" will be held for three hours at all stopping places, beginning at nine o'clock in the morning and 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Arrangements will be made in advance at all points and no time will be wasted. The following officials will accompany the train: Prof. W. J. Elliott, of the Canadian Pacific Railway department of natural resources; C. E. Lewis, provincial superintendent of fairs and institutes; H. A. Cragg, superintendent of demonstration farms; W. F. Stevens, provincial live stock commissioner; A. McKenny, provincial weed inspector; C. P. Marker, provincial dairy commissioner; A. W. Foley, provincial poultry commissioner.

Two or three noted farm specialists will also travel with the train. The "schools" will be so arranged that it will be possible for those desiring to do so to hear all the lectures. The lecturers will prepare their facts in a brief and practical manner, and will waste no time. Every lecture will be "meat" from beginning to end. Pure bred live stock will be carried for the purpose of illustrating the different types and explaining the merits of the different breeds. Special attention will be given to this feature in order that Alberta farmers may be encouraged to breed high class live stock, and the lecturers will show them why they can afford to do this with profit to themselves and benefit to the country at large.

Liberal attention will also be given to dairying and hog raising.

Not the least interesting feature of the train will be the courses in dom-

## MARRIED

Hoffman-Stolp

At the Farrodale school house, on Saturday, 28th September, Miss Liza Stolp, of Russia, and Jack Hoffman, of Vulcan, by Rev. D. K. Allen.

## WANTED.

A first class Life Assurance Company wants a few good live men who are willing to represent it in their district. Apply to Room 2, 57 Jasper Ave. W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Vulcan Business Men's Association.

At a meeting of the above Association, composed of all the business men of Vulcan, it was decided that on and after November 1st, 1912, the credit system should be limited strictly to 30 days.

Wherever this system has been put into practice it has proved a complete success. The merchant does away with a great deal of unnecessary work and the consumer benefits by the reduced prices of goods, which make it worth while paying cash. The credit system means a great expense and this expense has to be borne by the consumer very largely, so that under the cash system he will effect a great saving.

## VULCAN FACTS

Two years ago bald prairie. Now there are

Four general stores  
Good schools  
Bank  
Opera house  
Two coal yards  
Two lumber yards  
Three elevators  
Gents' furnishing store  
Four implement houses  
Two livery and feed stables  
Forty-six room hotel  
Two hardware stores  
Two blacksmith shops  
Two pool rooms  
Three boarding houses  
Two restaurants  
Music store  
Newspaper  
Furniture store  
Drug store  
Two churches  
Six real estate firms  
Two garages  
Two repair shops  
Meat market  
Electric lights  
Two years growth  
Population five hundred  
Largest townsite on line

## Presbyterian Services

Bible class and Sunday school 11 a.m.  
Highland ..... 3 p.m.  
Evening service (Vulcan) ..... 7:30 p.m.  
A cordial invitation is extended to all.

REV. D. K. ALLAN, Pastor.

The choir meets for practice every Thursday evening at 8 p.m. A special service by the choir will be given the first Sunday of each month.

Mr. R. GLOVER, Pianist.

The Ladies' Aid meets on the last Thursday in each month at 3 p.m.

Mrs. D. K. ALLAN, Pres.

Mrs. F. A. ELVES, Sec.

estic science, which proved so popular at the short course schools in Alberta last winter.

Another interesting display will be a collection of noxious weeds in different stages of growth. "I intend to have every section foreman and every section man on our road see that display of noxious weeds and have the objection to every weed explained to him in order that our right of way may be kept clean," said a prominent railway official, "and I have no doubt but that the farmers will need an introduction to these weeds quite as much as our employees. That feature alone should attract the farmers to the train."

The train will be at Camangay at 9 a.m. on November 5th and at Vulcan at 2 p.m. on the same day.

## Farm Lands

## Money to Loan

One to Ten Years

We can give you a Loan cheaper than any other company and on terms to suit yourself

## Fire Insurance

## Vulcan TOWN LOTS

WE CAN ALWAYS FIX you up. Call in and see us in our new offices.

## ARTHUR MITCHELL & CO

Late of Roberts & Hunt

## FARM LANDS LOANS INSURANCE

I wish to announce that I will ship Grain for the firm of .. Matheson & Lindsay, Winnipeg

Agent for the Case Threshing Machine Co. Can get you Repairs on short notice.

## GUS. L. JOHANSON

Weber Wagons

Deering Farm Machinery ..

If you are going to need a Wagon be sure and see the Weber before buying

Vulcan Branch Deering Agency

M. E. SHAW, Agt., VULCAN

## P. TERRY

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

PLANS AND ESTIMATES

Vulcan Transfer--Draying and Teaming

VULCAN, - - ALTA.

## Massey-Harris

If you want a Binder that will get All Your Grain Get a Massey-Harris  
If you want a plow that will do the work Get a Verity, Golden Age or Great West  
Our Golden Age Sulky cannot be beaten  
Our Bain Wagon will stay with you. Get one of our Olds Gas Engines and do the work you are now doing with crank and handle.  
Two reliable firms are standing by you--Olds and Massey-Harris.  
Agents for Dominion and McLaughlin Buggies  
Agents for the Big 4 Gas Engine

CUMMING & PARKINSON, Agents J. B. LUKENS Manager, Vulcan

## A FULL LINE OF

## HEATERS

Big Assortment of  
**Granite Ware**  
At 25c. off on the dollar

**H. F. RICHARDSON**  
The New Store, Vulcan

## LUMBER

Shingles, Lath, Doors, Windows  
Everything in Building Materials

## CROWN LUMBER COMPANY LTD.

Do you know

That a building erected with green material is a waste of time and money? We have a Complete Stock of Seasoned Material. No matter what amount you want, come in and get our prices before you buy.

E. M. Anderson, Mgr., Vulcan, Alberta.



**A 7% Safe Investment**

Money returned at end of one year or at end of any subsequent year, on 45 days' notice if desired.  
The above security is the best industrial ever offered in Canada. Business established 27 years.  
Write at once for particulars.  
**National Securities Corporation Ltd.**  
Confederation Life Building, Toronto

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715 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG  
A few doors south of C.P.R. Depot  
Rates \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.  
Cuisine unexcelled

Hot and cold water in every room  
Hotel practically fireproof  
All Outside Rooms

**Ask your Clothier to show you**

**SANFORD'S SOVEREIGN BRAND CLOTHES**  
No others as good

**CANCER**

Book Free. A simple home treatment removed a lump from this lady's breast. Old sores, ulcers and growths cured. Describe your trouble. We will send book and testimonials.  
**THE CANCER CURE INSTITUTE, LIMITED**  
10 CHURCHILL AVE., TORONTO

**MAPLE BUTTER**

All grocers 25c. lb. Tin

**ARLINGTON CHALLENGE WATERPROOF COLEARS**

Are the best ever made and are guaranteed to give you satisfaction. At all dealers, or send us 25 cents stating style and size required.

**The Arlington Co., of Canada, Ltd.**  
68 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Ont.

**BEST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.**

Max Winkler's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winkler's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**Good Ontario Apples**

Communicate with  
**H. H. DAWSON**  
90 Colbourne Street, Toronto

**THE JOHN INGLIS CO., Limited**

Engineers and Boiler-makers  
Boilers of all kinds—Engines, Pumps, and Heavy Plate Work  
Write us for Prices  
14 Strachan Ave., Toronto, Canada

**SANOL**

A GERMAN SPECIALISTS' DISCOVERY WILL POSITIVELY CURE  
**KIDNEY TROUBLE**

Bladder Stone, Gall Stones, Kidney Stones, Gravel and all Ailments of Uric Acid Origin

**SANOL EXPELS URIC ACID NEVER FAILS TO CURE**  
(Hundreds of cured patients can prove our statement).

Sufferers will receive pamphlet free on request.  
Sanol. PRICE \$1.50 per bottle in liquid from Druggists, or direct from the  
**SANOL MFG. CO. OF CANADA, LTD.,**  
Winnipeg, Man.

**The Kinder Fate**  
She—it was dreadful. He rocked the boat and she was drowned.  
He—'Lucky girl! She might have escaped and married the idiot.'

At a supper-party a certain young lady was sitting next a Scottish Duchess, and in order to gain her good graces affected a knowledge of the Scottish tongue, declaring there was not a Scottish phrase he did not understand.

Then he sprang up and bubbled, replied the Duchess, scarcely moving a muscle of her face.

The exquisite looked appalled and then sank away in confusion, while the commission was executed by a cavalier hallooing from North of the Tweed.

The Duchess wanted a turkey wing.

W. N. U. 918

**Little and Big Religion**

This story comes from Australia, where all conversation turns eventually to matters educational, because every parent is painfully anxious that his sons shall pass the standard which will free them from certain years of military service. A visitor was conversing with his host's small son, and opened, as a matter of course, with the words: Do you go to school now?

Yes.  
And what do you learn? Reading, writing, sums?  
Oh yes, and I learn religion, too.

Religion?  
Yes, I learn the little religion which teaches that we all come from Adam. But my elder brother is in a higher class; he learns the big religion which teaches that we all come from monkeys.

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

**Put in Human Interest**

An old negro preacher says the Atlanta Constitution gave as his text De-tree is known by its fruit, and it's jes impossible to shake de possum down.

After the benediction an old brother said to him:  
I neber knowed befo' dat such a text wuz in de Bible.

Well, admitted the preacher, it ain't down dat way I throwed in de possum to hit de intelligence of my congregation.

**Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia****A Bargain Offer**

Coming this way ag'in? asked the justice of the peace, after he had fined Jimpeon fifty dollars.  
I'm afraid I'll have to, said Jimpeon ruefully.

Waal, said the justice, stroking his chin whisker reflectively, precepts I'd oughter tell ye that we sell a return fine ticket for seventy-five dollars, entitled ye to immunity from arrest on the way back.

**KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER**

Every mother knows how fatal the hot summer months are to small children. Cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery and stomach troubles are rife at this time and often a precious little life is lost after only a few hours illness. The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of the Tablets prevent stomach and bowel troubles, or if the trouble comes suddenly—as it generally does—the Tablets will bring the baby safely through.

The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A fortune is said to be awaiting the man who discovers a way of curing ham after the rind is removed. The skin, it seems, is badly wanted for leather, and about \$3,000,000 worth of it is being wasted on hams every year in Great Britain and Ireland alone.

**Uncontrollable**

Your daughter has so much temperament.  
I'm not sure what you call it. All I know is that her mother and I can't do anything with her.

The change of dietary that comes with spring and summer has the effect in weak stomachs of setting up inflammation, resulting in dysentery and cholera morbus. The abnormal condition will continue if not attended to and will cause an exhaustive drain on the system. The best available medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It clears the stomach and bowels of irritants, counteracts the inflammation and restores the organs to healthy action.

**Dangerous Talk**

Mother, I wish you wouldn't mention dishwashing when George is calling on me.

Why not, indeed?  
I don't like it. It sounds common.

Common, eh? We have to eat, don't we?

Of course.  
And George also knows that dishes have to be washed, therefore somebody has to wash them?

But mother—  
What now?

If you keep on talking about it George may discover that you make father wipe them, and he may think the same thing is coming to him if he should propose to me.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.**

**Novel Experiment**

An experiment new to Scotland is about to be tried at Wishaw, where a seven-day's campaign has been opened with the object of raising \$35,000 wherewith to build and equip an up-to-date institute for the Young Men's Christian Association of the town.

A committee of 100 business men has been divided into teams of 10, each with a leader, and these will canvass the 2,000 people whose names are on a prepared list.

At the close of each day's collection the teams will meet and report results and a huge clock erected outside the central rooms will duly record the progress of the campaign.

**Mr. Gladstone's Gift**

Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire and Lord of the Manor, Hawarden Castle has just formally opened a public recreation ground at Hawarden, which he has presented to the parish council.

The ground, which is a little over two acres in extent, commands a lovely view of the Cheshire plains.

There was a large crowd of villagers present, including a procession of schoolchildren carrying flags and friendly society officials wearing regalia.

**The Champlain Diary**

At Dieppe in France, there is in the possession of a M. Feret one of the most remarkable books in the world. It is the old-fashioned handwriting of bygone ages, illustrated by little sketches, such as would be no credit to the untaught lad of ten years of age, and it contains a hundred and fifteen small pages. It is a journal of Samuel de Champlain, written about 1598.

Of course, such a treasure is beyond price but I cannot help wishing that the Canadian Government could in some fair manner become possessed of this diary, written by the real father of Canada. It is true there is not much of importance to Canada itself in this particular book, which contains a narrative of Champlain's work in, and impressions of the West Indies, Mexico, and Central America.

He was at Panama at one time and then and there conceived the idea that a ship canal across the Isthmus would greatly facilitate the operations of the world's commerce, and he says in this diary, the voyage to the South Sea would be shortened by more than fifteen hundred leagues.

It must be allowed to be a remarkable thing that Champlain should have suggested such a thing as the Panama Canal some three hundred and fifteen years before it was accomplished. Men of great deeds often are men of great vision, and Champlain's place is among the great men of the world's history.

In July and August, 1615, he was with a good deal of weariness of soul marking out with his own feet the subsequent route of another great canal, which I expect to live to see completed some of these years. It was the regular road from Georgian Bay to Montreal in those days, as it may be again some day, when the Georgian Bay Canal has been completed.

It was probably the tales of copper to be had on the shores of the lakes which caused Champlain to make the choice he did between the offers of the Montagnais to guide him to Hudson Bay, and the desires of the Hurons to show him the waters of the Great Lakes. He believed evidently in a way home to France by way of Hudson Bay, and was extremely anxious to visit the Arctic waters.

His dreams are coming true at last. The Hudson Bay Railway is actually under contract, the Panama Canal is approaching completion, and the Georgian Bay Canal is badly needed, and therefore will be built. Who can say that there is not a place for the man who dreams dreams and sees visions as well as for the practical men of action. It is little short of a miracle that the two qualities were combined in Samuel de Champlain.

But notice, Champlain's theory, though it was long in coming to fruition, was greater than his practice, and had to do with more enduring things. Canada will have its full chance to achieve its true greatness, when Champlain's dream, or rather his theories, have been worked out and we add to our other natural advantages, the Hudson Bay Railway, the Panama Canal route, and the Georgian Bay Canal.

**Facts About Penny Postage**

England was the first country to introduce penny postage for domestic letters. Sir Rowland Hill was the author of the penny-post system, which soon spread to other countries, as he was also the originator of the money order system and post-office savings banks. The uniform rate of one penny per letter for half an ounce weight was put into effect in 1840. Before that time postage rates in England had varied with the distance, except that in 1839 a trial had been given of a uniform rate of four pence per letter. Stamped covers were introduced in 1840, and half-penny postal cards were issued in 1870. Street letter boxes were first used in England in 1855.

In the United States the post-office department was much slower in attaining domestic penny or two-cent postage. In 1845 the postage rate on letters was from five to ten cents, according to distance, and it was not until 1855 that the rate was reduced to three cents for distances under 3,000 miles. A uniform three-cent rate was adopted in 1863, and a two-cent rate in 1875. One of the first steps toward an international penny post was taken when the United States entered into agreements with Canada and Mexico whereby the two-cent letter rate was made to apply to those countries. Cuba, Panama and the city of Shanghai, China, and later Great Britain and Germany, now have postal conventions with the United States providing for a letter rate of two cents per ounce. There has been a great deal of agitation for a one-cent letter rate in the United States of late years, but in most respects the United States lags behind European nations in the matter of postal reforms. At the present time the postage rate on parcels from any point in the United States to Japan, China, Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain, Sweden and other foreign countries is twelve cents per pound while the rate is sixteen cents per pound for a parcel mailed and delivered in the same city of the United States.

While Switzerland has taken the lead in the movement for a world penny postage it is expected that the chambers of commerce of all the leading nations will fall in behind and will bring great influence to bear on the coming conference of the Universal Postal Union.

**Then They Quarreled**

Townsend Burton, Jr., was talking about a remarkable interview he gave out last month in California.

Of course, he said, that interview misinterpreted my real views. I am not the sort of man that interview made me out to be. In fact, the interview resembled Mrs. Smith's biscuit.

Young Mrs. Smith said at dinner: I made a big batch of these biscuits today.

Indeed you did, dear, her husband answered gravely.

Why, how do you know how big a batch I made? she cried in surprise.

I thought you said batch, said Mr. Smith.

**MOONEY'S BISCUITS ARE THINNER**

That makes them neater, crisper, daintier, more appetizing.

The one biscuit good enough to take the place of your own baking.

Fresh as the biscuits from your own oven.

Think what that means! Freedom from a broiling kitchen—leisure on the porch or in the parlor. Time to do the little knick-knacks that have been neglected.

**MOONEY'S PERFECTION SODA BISCUITS**

Are the creamiest, crispest crackers made.

They are baked in the big sanitary factory in Winnipeg—right at your very door.

Use **MOONEY'S** and be sure of a biscuit that is absolutely fresh; a biscuit that will satisfy the family,

In tempting packages or sealed tins as you prefer.

"LET MOONEY DO IT"

The illustration shows one of the many styles of body that we build for our Light Delivery Car.

22 1-2 H. P.

4 Cylinder

4 Cycle

Water

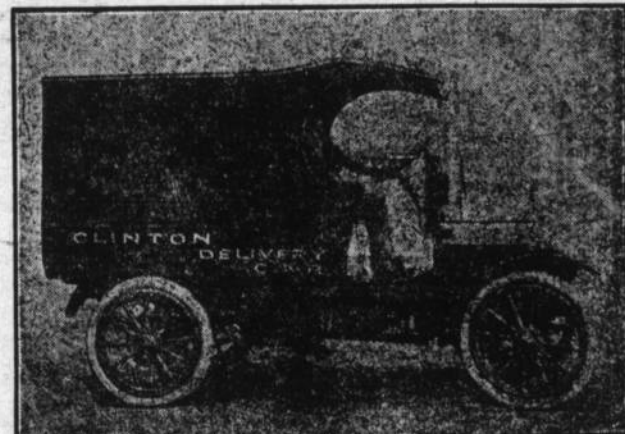
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Motor

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Dow

Magneto



Price of Car with above body lettered as you require \$1300.00 f. o. b. Clinton. Get Catalogue and information from

**CLINTON MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., CLINTON, ONT.**

Or **STERN & BURTON, SASKATOON**

**Couldn't Take Risks**

Agnes—This novel looks awfully interesting. Is it good?  
Gladys—It's perfectly splendid. I'd lend it to you in a minute, but it belongs to me.

An eminent English counsel was cross-examining Mr. Siemens, the electrical expert, in a case in which there was a dispute about the working of some electrical plant.

I think, Mr. Siemens, that you have had a long experience with electricity?

That is so.  
Well, now, I want you to tell me whether, in the course of all your experience, you have ever known electricity to be adulterated?

In only one instance.  
When was that? asked the counsel eagerly.

In the phrase greased lightning, the expert replied.

**Never Forget**

that upon your physical condition depends your comfort and usefulness—that your condition will be bettered, your vigor increased—when your bowels are regulated, your liver stimulated and your digestion made sound by

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c.

**Important Personage**

Oh take off your hat to the copper, He'll be in society yet.  
In London he bows so politely Arresting a fair suffragette. And people of rank and of title Their sneers at the constable cease For the popular nation at present Is promptly to call the police. We send him for opulent grafters, We send him for men higher up. For summer resorters who tarry At games of the late festival cup. For leaders of various movements: Trust magnates we tell them to get So take off your hat to the copper, He'll be in society yet.

There is something now a gentleman can do for a lady; crank her automobile.

The real economical people are those who have no money, and whose credit is not good.

A little lad who shines boots for a living is a regular attendant of a Mission Sunday School. He was recently disappointed when, at the annual summer fete, his gift was a copy of Browning's poems. The next Sunday, however, the superintendent announced that any child not pleased with his gift could have it exchanged. Tommy marched boldly up to the front with his.

Tommy marched boldly up to the front with his.

What have you got there? Browning. And what do you want in exchange? Blacking!

**Cabby in a Hurry**

One day it was raining very heavily in Berlin, when a wealthy merchant on leaving the Exchange, hailed a cab and asked to be driven to a distant part of the city. On the way the merchant discovered that he had forgotten to put his purse in his pocket. What was to be done? On reaching his destination he got out of the cab and said to the driver: Will you please give me a match? I have dropped a sovereign on the floor of the cab. Instantly the cabman whipped up his horse and soon disappeared round the next corner.

A shiftless man's favorite saying, O well, we'll get along somehow.

**I CLEAN HANDS**

15c a Tin.  
Don't let those foul red hands bother you. SNAI is the ORIGINAL and BEST HAND CLEANER. Will remove grease and stains of all kinds.



## PEACE OF THE WORLD

## KEY TO NAVAL PROBLEM HELD BY CANADA

As Canada Holds 90 Per Cent. of the Nickel Product for the World's Armor Plate, Should Export be Prohibited, the Result Would be Decay of Nickel Steel Industry of Europe.

Ottawa.—It has just been discovered that Canada possesses the key to the European naval problem, states a leading article in *Conservation*, the bulletin of the Dominion government.

When Schneider in 1889 introduced the use of steel and nickel in the manufacture of steel armor plates he little realized that he was placing in Canada's hands a means for maintaining the peace of the world.

Battleships without nickel steel armor would be utterly helpless before modern guns. If nickel were no longer obtainable, armor construction would go back a quarter of a century.

Canada today produces about ninety per cent. of the world's supply of nickel. Practically all of the remainder comes from New Caledonia, an island in the southwestern Pacific controlled by France.

In 1910, the value of nickel ore and matter exported from Canada to the United States was approximately \$3,450,000. As the only refineries in America are in the United States, nearly six-sevenths of the Canadian nickel was refined to the south of the border.

The refining process raised the value of the Canadian ore to nearly \$12,000,000. The major portion of this refined nickel is used in the manufacture of nickel steel.

Consequently if Canada were to prohibit the export of nickel, the nickel steel industry of Europe would fall into decay, and high grade armor plates for battleships would be an impossibility.

Naturally such a course would be a bit hard on the Canadian nickel producers, but then see what it would do to the world's expenditure on naval armaments.

These times of wars and rumors of wars it is assured to know that Canada possesses such a potent weapon making for the world's peace.

**Architects Are Asked for Plans**  
Ottawa.—The architects of Canada and the Empire are to be invited to submit plans for a new departmental building or group of buildings to be constructed along the bank of the Ottawa river west of the Parliament Buildings.

The land has been acquired by the Government, and the former owners are now being settled with by the agreement of arbitration.

Space is urgently demanded by the departments of the Government in Ottawa, which have been scattered through the office buildings of the city in an effort to find room for them.

The late Government was about to erect a big official building on Sussex Street, but before a contract could be let they lost authority to close the bargain.

Some years ago the Liberal Government had a competition among architects for a departmental building.

The prizes ran up into the thousands, and most of the architects of Canada competed. The results were disappointing. Of a score of plans submitted, three were awarded prizes, but none thought good enough to build from.

It is stated that Canadian architecture has made great progress since that time and that such a competition today would produce some splendid designs.

It is probable that the first prize will be \$25,000, and the competition would be limited to architects and architectural firms of Canada and Great Britain.

**ALBERTA CROPS 25,000,000 BUS.**  
But Prospects are That less Than 8,000,000 Will go out Before Navigation Closes

Calgary.—The prospective wheat crop of Alberta this year is estimated at about 25,000,000 bushels.

The prospects are that the amount shipped out of the province before the close of navigation will be less than 8,000,000 bushels or one-third of the crop.

The conditions in Alberta this year have been very favorable to the grain growers.

Grain has been harvested a little earlier than last year, and although threshing operations have been somewhat delayed in the past few days, this is only a temporary handicap, and will not interfere seriously with the preparations of the grain for an early market.

In quality the crop is uniformly excellent.

The grade will be considerably higher than last year and in many districts the yield surpasses that of 1911.

There is no doubt now of the physical impossibility of the transportation of half of the crop out of the country under the present conditions.

Last year only 7,000,000 bushels were shipped out before the close of navigation.

The movement up to date this year is considerably less than that of the same period last year.

Up to July 10, 1912, the amount of Alberta grain marketed totaled 25,154,000 bushels.

## ARCTIC WILL SUPPLY MEAT

## Vast Areas of Grazing Land Can be Used to Raise and Feed Hardier Breeds

Dawson.—Owing to shortage of meats on the continent and advance in prices, the Yukon people are beginning to realize that Alaska and Yukon territory and all the vast Arctic and sub-Arctic may become the future grazing ground and commercial meat-producing region of the continent. The country is declared fit for grazing for centuries, if not for all time. It is becoming recognized far and near that the reindeer and allied breeds can be raised on the moss of the Arctic in vast herds. The herds of the north graze on moss. The southern herds perish under the blasts of winter.

The reindeer and the caribou thrive in the coldest weather.

Already Uncle Sam is officially recognizing the success of the reindeer venture, and meats from Alaska are being sold in Seattle markets. The caribou is akin to the reindeer. From the Pacific to the Atlantic, and over half of the vast area of Canada the caribou finds a natural range. The reindeer can be cultivated nearly everywhere the caribou ranges. Perhaps the moss supply might be greatly increased with expert attention. Caribou now range this country in herds of hundreds of thousands.

Last winter tens of thousands of them were within a few miles of Dawson, and for several winters previous similar herds were on the White, and others elsewhere in the territory.

Millions of caribou have been seen ranging the coast of Labrador and along the Hudson Bay.

The mountain sheep is a hardy northern animal which is a splendid meat producer. The yak, a larger, cold weather animal, might be introduced. A cross of hardy cattle with reindeer and caribou might prove a success.

## LIVED UNDER SIX SOVEREIGNS

Mrs. G. F. Bull, Old Northumberland County Resident, Passes Away

Cobourg, Ont.—The oldest resident of Northumberland County, Charlotte Potts, wife of late G. W. Bull, died at her home in Brighton at the age of 101 years, seven months and thirteen days.

Of her family of nine children, six daughters and three sons, only three are living, Mrs. Rowcliffe of Melville, Ill.; Mrs. A. E. Lee of Toronto Junction, and Mankus Bull, of Winnipeg.

Mrs. Bull was born at Plymouth, England, and emigrated with her father, a ship carpenter, to Canada about 1814.

She lived under six British sovereigns. At the age of 13, her mother's death left her to her father's housekeeping. At 23 she was married to Geo. F. Bull.

Shortly afterwards she went to reside in Percy township and seventy years ago at Smithfield they kept a temperance house which was one of the stopping places of the old stage coaches.

The interment was at Alton.

**Big Land Deals**  
London.—One of the largest individual land sales ever effected in this country has just been completed here.

The purchaser is Lord Joicey, a famous coal mine owner, and one of the wealthiest Liberal peers of Great Britain.

His lordship has purchased nearly 24,000 acres of mixed farm and dairy farming land in the vicinity of Fort George, B.C., for which he paid \$450,000.

Captain Hulton, who was responsible for the Sutherland and Desborough deals, is negotiating for the sale to a Dutch merchant of 50,000 acres in Saskatchewan.

**THE MARKET REPORT**  
Weekly Grain Letter Supplied by Thompson, Sons & Co., Grain Merchants, Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, Sept. 18.—In our market review last week we uttered a note of rejoicing over having four days of steady warm and breezy weather, no rain having been reported from any point in western Canada in that period.

We regret to say it was a case of hallooing before we were out of the wood, because the very next day after the date of our review the weather became unsettled again, and from Thursday night to Saturday morning one of the heaviest rain storms of the season developed over a large part of the country. Fortunately it did not cover all the country, there was practically no rain in Alberta and very little in western Saskatchewan, but eastern Saskatchewan, the most part of Manitoba and down into North Dakota everything got thoroughly soaked again, causing a complete stoppage of all harvest work for two or three days, and threshing for a week.

At Verdun nearly 3½ inches of rain was reported, at Portage la Prairie 2½ inches and at Winnipeg 1½ inches. The few days very favorable weather previous to the adverse change on Thursday had allowed threshing to get a fair start in some districts, and by the beginning of this week receipts at Winnipeg had begun to increase; but the return of bad weather cut down the receipts again at once. Since Saturday morning up till this evening (Wednesday) there has again been a period of five days without any rain, and harvest is again progressing and threshing getting another start, and if ordinary dry weather continues a big increase in receipts will begin at once. The weather, however, has been so treacherous during the last two months we are afraid to say it looks like continuing favorable, although today has been as fine a September harvest day as one can desire to see. With this last rain storm came a much lower temperature, so that on Sunday and Monday mornings there were sharp frosts in some few districts, as much as 8 and 10 degrees of frost at some points. Unripe and uncut grain in these districts would be damaged by such frosts, but the ag-

gregate quantity over the country in such a position to be so damaged, will not affect to any extent worth mentioning, either the quantity or high grade average quality of the crop in general.

We have several times in our recent views stated that the quality of this year's wheat in western Canada would average high, even in face of the unfavorably wet weather. The summer and growing season this year have experienced a much higher average temperature than last year, and frost has held off until the 14th and 15th of September. Instead of coming in August. The soil was fairly well supplied with moisture previous to the rainy season which we have had in the last few weeks, so that conditions were very favorable to the production of good crops. Too much rain lately could not destroy such a crop, although it could depreciate quality and make more or less difficult the work of securing it in good keeping condition.

So far, the evidence given by the inspection of such of the new crop as has come along bears out the previous good opinion we have expressed about its average high grade. In the last five days 527 cars of wheat have been inspected at Winnipeg. Of these 13 cars were 1 Hd., 213 cars No. 1 Nor., 119 cars 2 Nor., 54 cars 3 Nor., 3 cars 4 Nor., and 63 cars were "No Grade" being tough, threshed too soon and not in perfectly dry condition for storing in the terminal elevators where the grain might lie for an indefinite time. But these 52 cars, were 1, 2 and 3 Nor. wheat, and quite suitable for milling. The remaining 76 cars out of the 527 were of various grades but mostly Rejected. Owing to smut, or mixture of too much weed seeds or of oats or barley. It is to be noted that thus far there has been no No. 4 or No. 5 wheat in the new crop, although there will probably be some later, for there are some late fields in backward districts which will have been touched by Saturday and Sunday's frosts.

In regard to the wheat markets generally, prices have held mostly steady and firm throughout the week, without any decided tendency either up or down. There continues to be a big demand for wheat for export, and the flour milling industry is about as busy as it can be. Minneapolis reports daily increasing demands for flour, and owing to the delay in the movement of our western Canadian new crop, large mills in eastern Canada are getting shipments of wheat from Duluth and grinding in bond for export.

The movement of wheat in the United States continues on a large scale and although U.S. mills are using large quantities and export shipments are also liberal the U.S. visible supply is now increasing fast. Last week the U.S. visible supply increased 2,898,000 bus. against an average of 1,397,000 bus. a year ago and the total is now 26,659,000 bus. against 51,074,000 bus. last year. The world's shipments are also on a liberal scale and the quantity on ocean passage increasing. Last week the world's shipments were 14,576,000 bus. against 11,184,000 bus. a year ago, and the total quantity on the ocean is now 38,216,000 bus. against 32,856,000 bus. last year. In the same way the European visible supply is increasing liberally, last week the increase being 3,624,000 bus. against an average of 1,900,000 bus. a year ago, the aggregate now being 72,744,000 bus. against 76,500,000 bus. last year. At present there seems almost a certainty of visible stocks over the world continuing to increase even in face of liberal demand for wheat and flour, and if they do so increase it does not seem wise to count on any material advance in prices in the near future, whatever may happen later on in the crop year. We are gradually getting on towards October and that month brings the growing time for the Argentine and Australian crops, and conditions in these countries begin to be taken notice of and influence northern markets.

So far the wheat crops in both countries have got a favorable start, and climatic conditions for growth are encouraging.

Our Winnipeg market is in a healthy condition, but trade is quite restricted owing to the continued delay in the movement of the new crop. Some of our exporters who have had vessels engaged to load wheat at Fort William have had to send the vessel to Duluth and get grain there to load them. The scarcity of spot wheat has been the means of keeping prices very high for spot stuff and cars past Winnipeg. Yesterday as high as 95c. was paid for cars of 1 Nor. past Winnipeg and 96½ for 2 Nor., but anxious buyers having got their immediate wants filled, the price today has dropped back to 94c. for 1 Nor. and 92 for 2 Nor. Although we feel sure that we have a larger quantity of wheat in the west this year than last, and last year was also a backward year for movement, the number of cars inspected in the last five days has only been 527, while in the corresponding period last year the number was 1533 cars. But the stream is coming once it gets fairly started. To-day's cash prices are 1 Nor. 94c., 2 Nor. 92c.; 3 Nor. 90c.; Alberta Red Winter wheat No. 1, 92½c.; No. 2, 90½c.; No. 3, 87½c. These prices are for wheat on spot that is, now in store Fort William or Port Arthur, or for cars enroute past Winnipeg. Futures closed October 89½c.; December 85½c.; May, 90½c.

**Oats.**—The strong demand for cash oats continues. We sold spot 2 Can. West today at 45c., but the market quotations are 2 C.W. 44c.; 3 C.W. 42c.; Ex. 1 Fd., 43c.; 1 Fd., 42c.; 2 Fd., 37½c. Future deliveries are of course based on new crop and closed, Oct. 37½c., December, 33½c.

**Barley.**—There is a fair demand for barley at 50c. for No. 3, 45c. for No. 4; 40c. Rejected, and 40c. Feed.

**Flax.**—There is a speculative trade in flax which is tending to hold prices up in face of large prospective supplies. To-day's cash prices are No. 1 North-western Canada, 160c.; No. 2, Canada Western, 153c.; No. 3 Canada Western, 145c. Note the new grade names for flax. Futures closed October 157c.; December, 153c.

All prices are on basis of delivery in store Fort William, Port Arthur and Duluth.

## TECHNICAL EDUCATION

## ADVANTAGES OF TECHNICAL WORK IN SCHOOLS

Dr. John Robertson Gives a Very Instructive Address Before the Canadian Manufacturers—Splendid System Established in City of Edinburgh.

Ottawa.—Vigorously condemning the use of any but safety matches for use in the homes, and claiming that to use matches that can be lighted anywhere, too often the lives of children in the home are in great danger, Frankling H. Wentworth, of Boston, president of the National Fire Protective Association, delivered a forceful address before the Canadian Manufacturers' delegates at a smoker held in the parliamentary restaurant tonight.

He said that the association of which he was the head was doing a splendid work and was doing much to encourage fire prevention, giving many examples.

Some of the supreme advantages manufacturers especially can derive from a system of technical education were outlined in an address that made a deep impression on his hearers given by Dr. James Robertson, chairman of the technical education commission.

He told the delegates what Cincinnati, Ohio, and Fitchburg, Mass., were doing to train apprentices and even superintendents and engineers in factories to become more skillful in their trades. In those cities the manufacturers have collaborated with educational experts on a co-operative educational scheme. In Cincinnati for instance, the student works a week in the shop he is employed at and then goes to school for a week during which time his employer pays his wages at the same rate as if he was in the shop. The teachers then visit the factories so that the mathematics and other studies taught will be closely related to the particular work the student is following. No irrelevant matter is taught.

Dr. Robertson then proceeded to give examples of what Edinburgh, Scotland, is doing and in comparison showed how far Canada is behind in the matter of technical education. Edinburgh has a population of 360,000. At this evening continuation classes 10,000 young people are attending and learning the eighteen different trades taught there.

Eight per cent. of the pupils at these schools are youths who went straight from the public school, the fees of which are so nominal that they are within the reach of the very poorest.

The cost of the upkeep of the classes last year was about \$75,000. Of this amount the fees of the students paid seven per cent. of the cost, the Imperial government sixty per cent. and the ratepayers of the city the balance. No one is compelled to attend the class. The movement started seven years ago and Dr. Robertson declared that when future generations look back in history they will pick this work out as the dawn of a new era. He put the value of such education plainly before the convention.

The report of the railroad and the transportation committees dealt with every classification of freight, baggage and transportation. Most of the material in the report of the committees has been called to the attention of the railway commission such as freight rates, size of baggage, etc.

During a brief discussion which followed the reading of the report R. D. Fairbairn, of Toronto, head of the Fairbairn Scale Co., charged the railroads with being over zealous to boost the rates.

The rates to the west, he said, are based on one way only. It is a well known fact that it costs as much to send goods to, say Saskatchewan or any other place in the west, from the east, as it does to Australia. The railroads can carry freight at a good deal less rate than at present. The sole object of railroad companies seems to be to increase their rates all along the line.

I tell you, gentlemen, declared Mr. Fairbairn, with vehemence, transportation is a much more important subject to Canada just now than the tariff question. The tariff in many cases is not a factor at all. The Dominion government should carry the intercolonial railroad through to the coast.

We have had a little experience in governmental and municipal ownership and it has met with a good deal of success.

Mr. Fairbairn's expressions were readily endorsed in many respects by Mr. Edmond of Toronto.

**No Benefit From War**  
Belgrade, Serbia.—No benefit could be obtained by the Balkan nations from a war with Turkey, according to a declaration said to have been made by the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain, France and Russia during a call at the Serbian foreign office.

The stamps is the authority for the report of the foreign diplomat's action and it adds that the powers at the same time expressed their intention of inducing Turkey to introduce early reforms in Macedonia.

In spite of the official denials that there is any prospect of hostilities, the Serbian war office continues to purchase large quantities of food supplies.

**No Word of Alliance**  
London.—The Greek minister in London declared today in an interview that he had no information regarding a formal treaty of alliance between Greece, Bulgaria and Serbia. He added:

Nevertheless, we have obligations toward our brethren who are still under Turkish rule which cannot be disregarded or evaded. In this respect there certainly exists a solidarity of interest between us.

**Salvation Army Changes**  
London.—Commissioner Howard has been appointed chief of the Salvation Army staff, succeeding Bramwell Booth.

Lieutenant Col. Malmgren is appointed Chief Secretary to Canada.

## DISCUSS AFFAIRS OF DOMINIONS

## Hon. G. E. Foster to Leave for London at End of Present Month

Ottawa.—The Hon. G. E. Foster will leave Ottawa about the end of the month to attend the coming session of the Dominion Royal Commission in London.

The commission will resume its sessions on Monday. Interest is attached here to the work of this body, the foundation of which is being laid with much care.

The subjects committed to the Royal Commission are considerable and comprise two main divisions.

(1) A general investigation of trade conditions. This will embrace a survey of the natural resources of the self-governing Dominions, an examination of their facilities for production, manufacture and distribution of articles of commerce, and a study of the requirements of the United Kingdom and the Dominions in the matter of food and raw materials and the available sources of supply and an examination of the trade of the several parts of the Empire alike with each other and with the rest of the world.

(2) A general investigation of the immigration of population from the United Kingdom to the overseas dominions.

This will include an examination into the various systems and agencies now employed in providing, selecting, directing and sustaining the current of immigration from Great Britain, an examination of the agencies engaged in receiving, directing and settling the immigrants as they reach the country of their adoption, an inquiry as to the possibility of improving present methods by more careful selection and in the case of younger persons, by teaching in schools, training on farms or institutions, or by friendly care and guidance in their new home.

**Chinese Troops Mutinous**  
Peking.—Troops camped outside the gates of Wu Chang, capital of the province of Hupeh, mutinied and attacked the city.

The troops numbered several hundred and were composed for the most part of cavalry.

A strong force of General Li Yuen Heng's regiment immediately engaged the rebels and after several hours of fierce fighting, dispersed them.

The casualty list is not known, but two officers were executed for failing to divulge their knowledge of the movement.

It is believed that the attacking party only intended to loot the city, but most of the towns in the interior have no defenders from such outbreaks, in which both the revolution and former imperial troops engaged.

The military spirit apparently is not appreciated by the classes from which the soldiers are recruited.

**Fear Competition of Women Lawyers**  
Cardiff, Wales.—The Law Society of Cardiff is opposed to women practicing law.

A resolution in favor of the admission of women to the bar was defeated at the annual meeting of the society.

The resolution also urged the council of the Society to support a bill that is to be introduced in parliament enabling women to practice.

The chief ground for this opposition, it is said, was that competition by women would be injurious to men who practice law.

**Would Enroll all the Girls**  
Berlin.—Professor Dr. Witzel, of Dusseldorf, advocates compulsory military service for German girls. An army of nurses should in his opinion, follow each army of male combatants not only to care for the wounded, but to attend to everything connected with food and clothing. Every healthy German girl, says the professor, should look on training for this object as a patriotic duty, and the knowledge acquired will be useful in the home if it is not utilized on the battle field.

**William Marconi is Hurt in Auto Accident**  
Spezia, Italy.—William Marconi, of wireless fame, was injured in an automobile accident near Borghetto, in the valley of the Vara River. The extent of his injuries have not been entirely disclosed, but he was brought back to this city with bandages around his head.

He was suffering from a wound over the right eye and his right cheek and temple were badly bruised.

**Hurricane Swept Over Japan**  
Tokio.—A hurricane swept over Japan on the night of September 22. There was much loss of life and heavy damage to property and shipping. All communications are badly interrupted.

A torpedo boat and the destroyers Tachibana and Fubuki were sunk in Ise Bay.

**Oxen Win High Honor**  
Tokio.—Pensions have been provided for from the Mikado's private purse for the oxen which drew the burial car at the late Mikado's funeral. With a special attendant each, the oxen will spend the remainder of their lives in luxury in the imperial palace. The old custom of giving them the junior fifth grade of court rank was disregarded.

**Ministers Must Forego Trips**  
Ottawa.—The announcement that parliament will be summoned in November has necessitated a complete change in the plans of the cabinet ministers. A half dozen members had been expected to make trips to the coast, but will now in all probability have to abandon the plan.

**Italy Starts Press Bureau**  
Rome.—The Italian government has just established a press bureau. All the foreign papers will be read and whenever an editor says anything derogatory on Italy the bureau will try to show him he is mistaken.

**London.**—Ten thousand school children visited the local flower show at Preston yesterday, at which 2000 scholars had exhibits of plants.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

## LESSON I.—FOURTH QUARTER. FOR OCT. 6, 1912.

Text of the Lesson, Mark vi, 45-49. Memory Verses, 49, 50.—Golden Text Matt. xiv, 27.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This incident is recorded by Matthew, Mark and John, the latter telling us that when the people saw His mighty works they were inclined to take Him by force and make Him a king, so He departed into a mountain Himself alone (John vi, 15). "They saw a man of unusual power under whose rule no one need ever be hungry or sick or die, and some thought they might be the looked for Messiah, and they would therefore proclaim Him king." They did not know that He was really the God appointed King of the Jews and did not understand that the rulers had rejected Him and were only watching their opportunity to kill Him. He knew all things and could wait His time, saying, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." Here is another perplexing item to little faith. He sent the multitudes away in peace to rest, but sent these weary disciples out to a night of toil and into a storm, while He went up into a mountain apart to pray. Again let us say and hold it fast, "As for God His way is perfect." "Just and true are Thy ways, O King of nations." (Ps. xlviii, 30; Rev. xv, 3). If we are His by His precious blood we must be willing to learn the necessary obedience for service in the kingdom by suffering, even as He did. (Heb. ii, 10; v, 8; Phil. i, 29).

Trials are essential as part of our training. (1 Pet. iv, 12, 13). Verse 48 says that the wind was contrary and in John vi, 18, it is said that it was a great wind, and in Matt. xiv, 24, that they were tossed with the waves.

Some one has said that, while the feeding of the 5,000 sets before us our great commission to give living bread to the hungry multitudes, the boat in the storm with Jesus away on the mountain top is wonderfully suggestive of another feature of this present age, the conflict of the church with the world, the flesh and the devil, while the Lord Jesus is at the right hand of the Father on behalf of His tried and toiling people. We are certainly in a great conflict, not with flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places (Eph. vi, 12), and we need the whole armor of God to stand against the wiles of the devil. One great trouble is that we are too ignorant of his devices and are apt to be deceived by his religious activity and think it to be of God. Everything that does not honor Jesus as God and rest only on His great sacrifice for the forgiveness of sins, however religious it may seem, cannot be of God and must therefore be of the devil.

Consider then, the hold that he has upon the vast majority of the people in the world; not only all in heathendom, with their many religions, but a great part of Christendom, including all the isms which deny the supernatural birth of Jesus. His deity, His spotless life. His death as our substitute. His literal resurrection from the dead. His present ministry at the right hand of the Father and His coming again to set up His kingdom of righteousness and peace on the earth. Truly the winds are contrary, and though the storm is not yet as great as it will be, it is already quite severe. In our own land just now the highest among the people are devoted to Unitarianism and Roman Catholicism, and it is far from wise in the eyes of many to say a word against either.

It is a good time for such as Daniel and his friends, for such as will bow to none but the living and true God. It looks like the time when the adversary shall speak great words against the Most High and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and many shall be purified, made white and tried. (Dan. vii, 25; xii, 10). It also looks to many as if the disciples in the boat, as if the Lord neither saw nor cared. How comforting, then, are the words, "He saw them toiling in rowing" (48). "When it seemed dark as midnight to Israel because of the oppression of the Egyptians the Lord said to Moses, 'I have seen, I have heard, I know, I am come down to deliver.'" (Ex. iii, 7, 8). When Peter was in prison, after James had been beheaded, and unceasing prayer was made by the church unto God for him, it was not until the last night that the angel delivered him, but he was not too late and never is.

In the morning watch Jesus came walking on the sea, and when they received Him into the ship the wind ceased, and immediately they were at their destination (verse 51; John vi, 21). So it will be again. In that morning that is drawing near He will come, and instantly His people shall be with Him in the air, their toll and conflict forever ended. Let us all be patient till the morning. (1 Sam. xliii, 4; Ps. xliii, 14; xxxv, 6). To their fears He said, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid" (verse 50). He is ever the same and is saying the same words to all our fears. May we have ears to hear. By His power Peter also walked on the water and might have walked farther if he had kept his eyes on Jesus and had not thought of wind or waves. The one thing always lacking on our part is faith. The admonition we constantly need is, "Have faith in God." "Be not afraid; only believe."

**Uruguay Agriculturists Coming West**  
Toronto.—Hon. Hugo A. Surrao, minister of agriculture for Uruguay, and three prominent Uruguayan agriculturists who have been studying Ontario farming methods, have left for the Canadian west. After a tour of the prairie provinces they will go to England, Europe and perhaps Australia. They have already travelled extensively in the United States and stated today that Ontario's farms were the best they had yet seen.



## MADGE

A Story of the  
Former West

By JAMES G. FRIEBERG

What a change a generation has made in what was once "the west." When "wild west" shows first appeared they represented what was really going on between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean, or, rather, what was then dying out. Now the western half of the continent is dotted with cities containing mercantile establishments, manufacturing and dwellings with every convenience, including luxuries. The western settler has given place to the ranchman, the prospector to the capitalist, the gambler to the teacher and the Indian to all.

These people of former times constitute a unique society. They were good and bad mingled, the good constantly striving to throw off the bad, though the line was not sharply drawn between them.

The women, though disproportionately small in numbers, partook of the same general characteristics as the men. There was a type of western woman, personated on the movie stage in eastern cities during the latter part of the nineteenth century. She was very popular—a diamond in the rough, independent, free hearted, uneducated and supposed to be faithful. She could ride, shoot or throw a knife, tackle a grizzly or handle a rattlesnake at long range, and had fought Indians, and all sorts of things.

When a very young man, desiring to see people of whom I had heard so much, I went to spend a season among them. The Union Pacific railroad was being built, and I traveled on a train to the foot of the Rocky mountains. Then I went on by stagecoach till I reached a region in which gold had recently been discovered, and I put up for a while at the boarding house of a woman named Hayward. Madge was her first name, and she was seldom called by any other. Those who addressed her by the last name usually prefaced a Mrs., but whether she was married, single or divorced I didn't know. No one there cared.

There was that freedom about her and her house of which I had read. Certainly nothing was conventional. And yet there was a line drawn beyond which no one ever passed. I saw one man attempt to pass it, and I also saw Madge put him out of her house with a revolver.

I was not over nineteen years old at the time and looked even younger. Madge took me under her protection. The first man who appeared to me for a tenderfoot got a dressing down from her that shut him up instantly, and from that time, being considered by the frequenters of the house as her pet, I was let alone.

Every one in the community gambled, and Madge was no exception to the rule. Every evening after she had washed and put away the supper dishes she would sit down with whoever was ready to play the national game of poker, and more or less money would change hands. But at 11 o'clock, no matter who had won or lost, she would take the cards from the table and put them away. She said she didn't propose that the house should get the reputation of being a gambling den. On one occasion a man who had lost a good deal of money protested at the game being summarily closed, whereupon Madge informed him that he would not be permitted to play there again. Had she been a man there would doubtless have been a fracas, but Madge had the support of every man in the party, though it is questionable if she needed it. I think she could have taken care of herself had the necessity arisen.

I wished to take a hand at some of those poker parties, but Madge would not consent to my doing so. One evening I begged so hard that she consented. When I left the table I had lost \$50. Madge handed me the money, which I refused to accept from her, whereupon she forced it upon me. It is needless to say that this was the last time I played the game in her house.

Of course those who came and went to and from Madge Hayward's were a floating throng. Now and then some one who played poker there would drop out, and I suspected that he had been cleaned out, though nothing was said about it, and it was generally understood that any application for a small loan would be honored by the mistress of the house. Madge was considered an excellent poker player, but I never understood that she was much ahead in the long run. She was so liberal that sometimes it looked as if she must be behind.

Nevertheless occasionally I saw her win large pots. One evening I was looking over a game at which she was playing with some miners who had come in during the day loaded with dust. The miners were anxious for high stakes, and Madge was continually trying to keep the limit down. Presently a jack pot began to grow upon the table. A number of hands were dealt, but nobody got the requisite cards to open the pot, and at every new deal the pot was swelled.

A man by the name of Plunket was senior when some one got a hand that warranted his opening the betting. Every one at the table was "in," and

everybody "saw" the bets that were made till all were satisfied. Then it was proposed, since there was a good deal of money already on the table, that after the draw the best hand should take it in. Madge was the last person to call for a card. Throwing her hand on the table face up, she displayed three aces, a king and a deuce. She hesitated some time as to which of the two lower cards to discard and finally threw out the knave. Plunket dealt her a card in its place. It was another deuce, which gave her an ace full. It was a winner.

Madge scraped the money off the table, and soon after that a Connecticut clock on the mantel wheezed out the hour of 11, and the game came to an end through limitation.

The next day I left Madge Hayward's boarding house to pursue my travels and soon afterward returned to the east. I did not go back to the west for a matter of twenty years. During the interval the region where Madge Hayward had lived had been comprised within the limits of a newly admitted state. I found all much changed. I visited the capital, and a friend took me to call upon the governor. The latter was a man about fifty-five years of age and, though he dressed in the professional black, bore marks of having belonged to the early times. There was something about him that seemed familiar to me, and I fancied I might have met him during my western tour years ago. But I couldn't place him, nor could he remember having seen me before. He invited me to dinner at his home, and I accepted.

The moment I laid eyes on his wife I noticed in her, too, something familiar. If I had met her during my previous visit to the region I now believed her twenty years older than she was then. The moment she looked at me I saw by the expression on her face that there was something about me that was not strange to her, but as she received me as a stranger I did not claim a previous acquaintance.

The dinner passed off pleasantly, the governor leaving his wife to do most of the entertaining. They both evidently had been denizens of the country in its primitive days, but women take to new conditions easier than men, and the wife would have passed for a lady anywhere. Indeed, she had spent some time with her husband in Washington while he had represented his state in congress. I heard afterward that she had been quite prominent socially at the capital.

Suddenly a look, a motion, a gesture—I can't tell which—told me that she was Madge Hayward. I was convinced that she had recognized me from the first, and if she had wished to be known as her former self she would have greeted me as her former boarder. But since she had not thus made herself known I did not feel warranted in claiming a former acquaintance. Therefore, when I took leave of my hosts I did not mention the matter of bygone days. But the lady gave me a pressure of the hand that assured me I was not only remembered by her, but remembered favorably. I fancied, however, that gratitude was mingled with other sentiments, I not having given away her previous condition to her husband.

But in the latter supposition I was mistaken. While smoking in the hotel at which I was stopping a man stepped up to me who recognized in the man of thirty-nine the youth of nineteen. He proved to be one of the poker party convened at Madge Hayward's the evening before my departure. I told him that I had dined with the governor and his wife, had recognized the wife as Madge and the governor seemed familiar to me. I also asked him if he remembered how Madge had drawn the deuce that had filled her hand and won a large pot. He said he did and straightway let me into a secret.

"What I am going to tell you," he said, "is confidential. I am the only man now about here who was here then. The record of the governor and his wife is not known, and I wouldn't make it known to any one here. Madge ostensibly kept a boarding house, but it was really a gambling house. She had a husband, and the two worked the scheme together. Do you remember a man called Plunket, who dealt her that deuce? Well, he was her husband and is now the governor. He was very clever as a dealer and had fixed her hand for her before filling it with the deuce. I didn't know this at the time. I inferred it afterward when I learned the rest of the secret. Plunket was not his real name. The pair made no end of money through their scheme, and afterward the husband became prominent in politics. Having invested the money made as a card sharper in mines, he became very rich, was elected to congress and is now, as you know, governor."

"I am sorry," I said to my informant, "to hear this. I always liked Madge, and I know that she liked me. I wish you had not told me."

"You should remember that this couple were then a part of their surroundings. Would you expect to find flowers in a donkey pasture or thistles in a conservatory?"

"But the dishonesty of it all!" I exclaimed.

"Where was the dishonesty? It was the common custom of those days for those playing cards to beat one another if they could. Did Madge take your money that way? No. She would not allow you to play. I do not doubt that she and her husband, having arisen from that lowly condition which they prevailed, now look back upon it with horror."

I was not convinced, but I called on my old friend Madge and claimed an acquaintance. Her eyes filled with tears as I did so, and she and the governor kept me their guest as long as I could be induced to remain with them.

GRAZING WORK  
HORSES AT NIGHT.

It is almost impossible to lay down a rule that will apply universally in any particular agricultural practice, says the Iowa Homestead. We have always held the opinion, and this opinion is based on a broad experience, that the average farm work horse, all things considered, gives as good service during the spring and summer months if pastured at night as if kept on dry feed during these seasons. That this does not express the unanimous opinion of farmers on the subject is indicated by the views given by a Kansas farmer in the following communication:

"The pinch of the scarcity and high price of hay and grain is being keenly felt. Many a poor team is now having to work with the strength that can only be gained from green grass. To work horses on grass is bad enough when some grain is given three times a day, but to cut out the dry feed entirely, both hay and grain, and make the poor beasts subsist entirely on wash grass is almost inhuman. Yet it is being done every day in many sections of the country this season and is partly excusable on account of the scarcity of feed of all kinds except what is growing in the pastures."

"A great many farmers make a practice of turning their work teams on pasture during the nighttime regard-



Intelligence, good temper and courage are all indicated in a good Percheron head, and are proved qualities of the breed. The overwhelming popularity of Percherons on farms and in cities is ample proof that the type is the one wanted. Good feeding and shipping qualities, clean, properly set legs, dense, well shaped feet and unusual endurance at severe work are some of the strong points of the breed.

less of the hay and grain they have or how lavishly they feed it. They think it a good thing for their horses to have them out and filling up on green grass. While a little green grass is good, it can be noticed that teams not allowed any grass at all, but well fed and cared for in the barn, will stand up to hard work better and will go through the hot weather of summer in much better condition than when allowed to dil every night on wash grass. The grass makes them sweat very easily on hot days and tends to keep them soft."

We acknowledge that grazing work horses at night does in a measure "soften" them. They sweat more easily, it is true, and they require possibly a little more caution in handling than horses kept on dry feed. However, if a little common sense is used the first hour after they are hitched in the morning and if they can be fed four or five quarts of grain apiece after being taken in from the pasture we believe that there will not be much difference in the amount of labor performed comfortably by the two classes of horses.

The cost of the upkeep of work horses is a big item in these days, and, as this subscriber says, it is excessively high this year. Under such circumstances grass is the cheapest food that can be utilized, as it saves buying high priced hay, and in some cases it may save buying high priced grain. While we think that a horse doing a heavy day's work every day needs grain, yet on many farms where there is plenty of horsepower and the work is not very strenuous in such cases where the horses are in fair flesh they may be taken through a working season in a very satisfactory manner on grass alone. We have always been a devout champion of grass as a food for all classes of live stock, and we believe that its merit is not in any way lessened when it is used somewhat liberally for the work horse.

**Improving the Dairy Herd.**  
The grading up of the dairy herd, if fundamental principles in grading are observed, cannot result in other than improvement year after year. The grading up of a dairy herd is not completed in a few years, but is the work of a lifetime. It does not require so many years to obtain a good dairy herd, but in breeding and improving the results are apparent year after year so long as the guiding hand is active. The best dairy cow or best dairy herd has not yet been evolved. Better dairy cows and better dairy herds will be bred just so long as the desire for improvement remains.

**Farm Economy.**  
Economy on the farm, as in all other businesses, is admirable, but economy demands that you get every drop of butter fat possible from every cow. In other words, the greatest economy comes from feeding the cow to her greatest capacity and having a cow which will make the best use of her feed.

## Suburban Obsession.

The grass—I have to cut the grass! Amid the host of cheerless things That make a round of country life, I have the cheerlesslest, by Jingo! The hedge to clip—nay, do not scold—The bean to pole, the peas to hoe, And when I plan an evening off It rains and rains and rains, and then I have to cut the grass again!

But there will come a time all right In some far summer ere I pass When, bent beneath the weight of years, I shall not have to cut the grass. And if at last the summons be Not to some verdant realm of bliss, But to dry and bladeless hours, A hotter suburb 'e'en than this. (They say there's one), why, bah and tut! At least there'll be no grass to cut!

—Judge.

## An Unfortunate Abbreviation.

Cardinal Gibbons was discussing Gilmore and his band. "Gilmore," continued the cardinal, "was famous for his playing of Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass.' On one occasion he played it in a North Carolina town, and next day the local paper announced that he 'rendered with great effect Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass-chusetts.'"—Popular Magazine.

## How Long Can He Stand It?

This is Mrs. Forbes-Robertson Hale's latest burlesque story:

"A negro woman was arguing and arguing with her husband, and when she had finished he said, 'Dinah, yo' talk don't affect me no mo' than a flea bite.'"

"Well, niggah," she answered, "I gawna keep yo' scratchin'!"—Woman's Home Companion.

## His Limit.

"Queen of my heart," he softly sighed, "We'll travel fast and far Along the dewy country roads Within a touting car Or on a white palatial yacht Beneath the moonlight pale Across the blue and breezy bay I'll take you for a sail."

"Together in an aeroplane, We'll mount the azure sky And soar among the fleecy clouds And with the eagle fly, Or in a speedy motorboat We'll skim by cape and highland, And then they took a trolley car And went to Coney Island."

—New York Times.

## At Last.

Warren Chambers—So Cashier Morral has gone wrong? They say he has been stealing for fifteen years.

Barclay Murray—Why, when they investigated his books a year ago I thought he came out of the ordeal unscathed.

Warren Chambers—He did, but they have spotted him now.—Puck.

## The Essential.

"You see, we have good streets, excellent lighting and shipping facilities. Trade conditions are good. We hope you will locate here."

"I dunno," said the visitor. "Things look good. But tell me this."

"Well?"

"What kind of a ball team have you got?"—Washington Herald.

## Summer Stuff.

They dabbled their toes, side by side, In the rippling mountain brook. He was a pippin; she was a peach—Wonderful! Have a look!

He fished in that little purling stream. He swore he would catch a whale. His swear was only a summer's dream—Terrible! Hear his wail!

He waded out of the creek, by Jingo, In the hazy sunset glow, And he hadn't caught a god-darned thing, By golly! But she had, though!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Just a Precaution.

"Why are you starting out with an umbrella on such a sunny day?"

"I am bound for the art gallery."

"But you cannot exhibit an umbrella."

"Of course not. But a notice on the catalogue says that one must leave his cane or umbrella outside before he can enter."—Toronto World.

## Kindness.

"Do you ever go out of your way to do things to make other people happy?"

"Yes. I crossed the street this morning to avoid meeting a man who owes money to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Busy Man.

"Away, away!" Said William Bix. "I have no time For politics."

Then, just to show His proper bent, He bought some bait And fishing went.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Benefited Anyway.

"Sorry you couldn't attend our banquet last night, doctor. It would have done you good."

"Thank you! It has done me good. I have just prescribed for three of the guests."—Boston Transcript.

## The Literary Courtship.

"They started in a purely platonic way to read 'Lucile' together."

"Well?"

"Now they are interested in a book that tells how to build a \$1,000 house."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## The Darkest Hour.

How often, oh, how often, were you told In your youth,

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn!"

How often, oh, how often, did you find the real truth—

The darkest hour is just before you pawn!

—New York Sun.

## Occasionally.

Inquirer—Do you ever get into trouble on account of careless pedestrians?

Chauffeur—Sometimes. The last time I ran into one I smashed six dollar lamp all to smithereens.—Chicago Tribune.

## STEEL RAILS A MARVEL.

## The Strain, the Pull, the Pounding and Grinding They Endure.

Have you an idea of the strain to which a steel rail is subjected today? Let us consider one for a moment in the time of its greatest torture and see. The Cannon Ball express is coming. It is drawn by two engines. The largest weighs 100 tons. Seventy-seven tons of the weight are carried on the six driving wheels, which means almost thirteen tons to a wheel. Thirteen tons of weight upon each wheel! That means thirteen tons of weight implugging for a flying instant upon a rail surface, perhaps no more than an inch square and then moving forward all the time, a succession of whirling blows from a thirteen ton hammer.

If the train is going thirty miles an hour an imaginary square inch has but one five-hundred-and-twenty-eighth part of a second in which to receive the blow, whence under it distribute the terrible force of it through its elastic elements to the surrounding mass of the rail, brace itself to help distribute stresses that are being set up on adjacent surfaces and zigzagging back and forth in all sorts of ways through the content of the rail and then almost instantly lift its devoted head to receive the blow of the next driving wheel. If the train is going sixty miles an hour instead of thirty this all has to be repeated, withstood and passed on in one ten-hundred-and-fifty-sixth part of a second.

And yet this isn't all that is happening to the nerves of the rail. This is only taking account of the compression strains. There is another set of strains, for these big driving wheels are pulling the train. They have caught hold of the rails just as your hands grip the rope in a tug-of-war, and they take a fresh hold every fraction of a second. The tendency is to pull the top or head of the rail, to pull it all to pieces. It is the business of the rail to stick together, head and web and flange. In every single and separate molecule with all the tenacity of which steel is capable.

But we have stated only one-half the tension strain. This strain is reversing all the time, for while the huge drivers are pulling one part of the rail toward them, they are pushing another part away from them. This plucking and spurning, hauling and kicking, tension and compression go on continuously. Complete reversing from compression to tension or back again takes place with every half turn of a driving wheel and at a frightfully rapid rate. The marvel is that the rail is not ground to powder.—Metropolitan Magazine.

## The Explanation.

Robert Henri, the artist, said in New York of a bogus "old master":

"Some of these experts must be very ignorant, judging from the facility with which they are duped. They must be ready to swallow anything. It's like the Velasquez story."

"An auctioneer, you know, put up the picture, saying:

"Here we are, ladies and gentlemen—this exquisite Velasquez—'Battle of Waterloo.' What am I bid? One million nine hundred thousand!"

"But," interrupted an expert in a puzzled voice—"but I thought Velasquez died before the battle of Waterloo?"

"So he did, sir," explained the auctioneer, "so he did, but this, you see, is one of dear old Velly's posthumous works."—New York Tribune.

## Barber's Music.

Barbers in the old days might well charge heavily, for their must have been a nerve racking existence. Zithers were provided instead of newspapers, and customers used to strum on these while waiting for a vacant chair. Dekker, writing early in the seventeenth century, refers to "a barber's cittern for every man to play on." The term "barber's music" was a common one in the days of Pepys, who on June 5, 1660, records, "After supper my lord called for the lieutenant's cittern, and with two candlesticks, with money in them for symbols, we made barber's music, with which my lord was very well pleased."—London Standard.

## Curt and Canoe.

A certain surly old Yankee who runs a small summer hotel on the Massachusetts coast once received a rambling letter from a prospective guest, who wrote to engage "two large, sunny rooms overlooking the ocean and connecting with private bath." One may imagine the lady's surprise at getting the following curt reply: "Dear Madam—All rooms face the ocean, and that's your bath."—Lippincott's.

## Considerate.

X. (an incorrigible borrower)—Lend me a liver, old man. Y. (weakly lending him £4 19s.)—I'm keeping the other shilling to pay for the postage of the letters which I shall have to write you before I get my money back. X. (coolly)—Keep 5 shillings, then. That will give me more time.—London Tit-Bits.

## Something to Try.

Tweed & Cheviot, tailors, wrote to Livingstone Bigfront as follows:

"We must have something on account by Saturday next. What can we count on?"

And Mr. Bigfront promptly replied, "Ever try an adding machine?"

## Jarred His Dad.

Father—No, indeed! My father never heard me tell a lie! Willie—Was grandpa as deaf and grandma?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Who loves too much hate in the like extreme.—Pope.

Good  
form

## About Wedding Cards.

It is sometimes said that an invitation for a large and formal wedding requires no answer. This is not strictly true, however. Where the "at home" form is used it may be inferred that no reply is expected. Where the host "requests the pleasure" an answer should be sent. Indeed, one is often asked for in the invitation, or a separate card with "Please respond" is inclosed, says Florence Howie Hall.

For a breakfast where the guests are to be seated at table or for a small wedding an answer should be sent promptly. One should be careful to follow the form of the invitation:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Furniss accept with pleasure the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. James Wentworth for Thursday afternoon, June twentieth, at half after four o'clock.

It is not thought polite to use the word "decline." The envelope is usually addressed to the hostess alone. Guests unable to attend a wedding reception send cards on the day of the affair to the bride's parents or to the persons in whose name the invitations are issued. Additional cards are sometimes sent to the bride and groom, but this is unnecessary. An invitation to a church wedding requires no answer. Those who are unable to be present should certainly acknowledge in some way the courtesy shown them. If the persons inviting them belong to their circle of visiting acquaintances they should either send cards or call within two weeks after the wedding. If they were unacquainted with the former, as in the case of the friends of the bridegroom, they would not make a personal visit, but would send cards instead. All who are invited to the home, however, whether they are friends or strangers, should call soon after the wedding.

A wedding announcement should be answered by sending cards to the persons making it. One thus shows appreciation of the courtesy extended and informs the senders that their communication has been received. Where it comes from a distant city and no address is given it may be impossible of very difficult to acknowledge it.

All who receive cards for the bride's "at home" should call. If several days are mentioned it is best to select an early one, since everybody should welcome the young couple to their new home as soon as possible. If the marriage takes place toward the end of June the cards sometimes say, "At home after Oct. 1." In this case no one would make a formal call until that date.

Those living at a distance send cards in lieu of making a personal visit. A lady sends one for the bride; a man sends two, one being for the benedict.

**Needed For Guest Room.**  
A sewing case for a guest room can easily be made at home from a five pointed star shaped straw mat six inches in diameter.

In the center of the mat put a pin-cushion of satin ribbon an inch in diameter and an inch high, tightly stuffed. This is made by cutting a round of satin for the top and sewing to it a band of the ribbon five inches long and two inches deep to allow for seams and turning in at the bottom.

Make a star from five strips of ribbon, each two inches long, turned in at one end to form a point, and arrange the star from the center of the mat so the points come between its points. In the center of this ribbon star sew the pin-cushion, taking the stitches firmly through the mat, and on one side make a thimble case of the ribbon to hold a white bone thimble.

On two of the four points of the straw mat fasten a spool of white silk by running inch wide satin ribbon through it and tying in a small bow on the outside. On the other two points fasten spools of colored silk to match the ribbon trimmings.

To the fifth point fasten a pair of small scissors by a loop of No. 1 ribbon, ending in a many looped bow.

**Holding the Sunshade.**  
The sunshade seems to be a rock upon which many a woman's good taste hopelessly founders. Not only does one often see uncomfortable color mixtures, but quite as often the sunshade is held so ungracefully that the whole effect is awkward and clumsy. There ought to be classes on "how to hold the sunshade," and nine women out of ten would benefit from the lessons, but as yet no enterprising individual has originated the idea. A little practice before a long mirror is recommended. Also take note of the following: See that you do not grasp the handle as if it were an implement of war. Do not hold it too near the center of the handle nor too near the tip. Both these faults are very common and give a most awkward appearance. Don't use it as a walking stick nor, if it has a crook handle, hang it on your arm. Hold it lightly and easily a little distance from the top of the handle and at a slightly slanting angle.

**For the Sick Room.**  
A delightful deodorizing disinfectant for a sickroom is made by putting ground coffee in a saucer with a small piece of gum camphor in the middle. Light the camphor with a match, and as it burns the coffee will be consumed, at the same time throwing off an agreeable odor.



## YOUR WORK IS, NOT YET OVER--

### YOUR GRAIN MUST BE MARKETED

You have put money and labor and months of anxiety into the raising of this 1912 crop. You must now sell your crop to the best advantage. You used the most up-to-date methods you knew of in raising it and it is now up to you to use the most up-to-date methods in selling it.

No matter how, when or where you sell your crop the great bulk of it eventually finds its way to the CENTRAL market where the price is regulated by its value on the world's markets.

The price on the CENTRAL market less the cost of getting it there fixes your net price at the farm.

Your problem then is to put Your crop on the Central market at the Smallest cost.

Freight charges do not vary but the toll of the middle man who handles your grain does. Elevators and elevator operators cost money and it takes a large toll to keep them going. Truck buyers must live and they must send the grain they buy to some commission firm to handle for them. This toll is a little smaller but still too large. The Commission Firm with no paid agents and only a Central organization doing business by mail can and does handle your grain for the smallest possible toll. The Grain Growers' Grain Company is more efficient than any other.

There are over 12,000 farmers in the West who have in their own Commission firm, the Grain Growers' Grain Co., perfected the best organization in the West for handling grain, and in this space for a while they will tell you facts Why you should ship your Grain to

**The Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd.**  
**Calgary and Winnipeg**

Calgary Office: LOUGHEED BUILDING

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO CALGARY OFFICE

## OUR JOB DEPARTMENT

WE have one of the best equipped job offices in Southern Alberta and are prepared to turn out artistic work at moderate prices.

If you want any stationery, cards, circulars, etc., make us a call and talk it over.

**REVUE**

**Get His Whole Job.**  
A constable died two years ago at Worcester, Eng., and not only did his successor take his clothes and number, but also his boat. He went to lodge with the widow, and now has married her.

**Shooting Stars.**  
According to Coomes, the mean height at which shooting stars first become visible is eighty-one miles. The mean height of their disappearance is about fifty-eight miles. The mean length of their visible path is about forty-five miles.

**Spick and Span.**  
"Spick and span" is a term derived from the stretching of a new piece of cloth on spikes (books) and span (getrebers).

**A Little One.**  
Figs—Talk about your green servant girls. My wife told me to put a little nutmeg in the cupboard she was making this afternoon. Figs—And did she do it? Figs—Oh, yes; she put a little nutmeg in. All right. I came near choking over the blamed thing.—Boston Transcript.

**Aristocrat.**  
The word "aristocracy" comes from the Greek "aristos" (best) and "arche" (rule), meaning the rule of the best. Literally aristocrat means the "best man."

God hath ruled to fill her part—tormentor, misery.—Bryant.

## Local News of Interest

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1912

Mrs. Frank Clark is convalescent. G. Main, of Iowa, is prospecting for and.

Mr. Nicholson has moved his house to Minerva street.

Col. Shimp made a short visit to Nanton last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Upton, of Ottawa, are guests of Elvys brothers.

Look for Brown & Rutherford's new ad. This may interest you.

Have you seen the new shooting gallery ad? Give them a call.

Mr. and Mrs. Lobow attended the wedding of a niece at Olafshelm.

You always get good service and prompt attention at the Palace Livery stable.

Mrs. Halladay has had for a guest her mother, Mrs. Campbell, of Iowa.

H. W. Reeves is preparing for the erection of a handsome cottage on Vulcan street.

The contract for an \$800 manse has been let to Contractor Hesketh who constructed the hotel.

The new superintendent of Presbyterian field missions, Dr. Farquison, paid Vulcan a visit last week.

Do you like fresh roasted peanuts? F. Smart roasts them every little while which means they are always fresh.

Among the many real estate deals and transfers the past week were: Lots 8 and 9 in block six, transfer by D. F. Lee to Milton F. Earp.

Dr. Smith, dentist, will be in Camanagay October 10-14, and at the Imperial hotel, Vulcan, October 16, 17 and 18, for the practice of his profession.

Peter Terry has taken over the Deaton draying outfit, and will put on a capable man to handle the business which is to be known as the Vulcan transfer.

### Visitors from Aia.

D. J. Griwald, Galesburg, Illinois.  
F. M. Hoffman, Montreal.  
P. Murphy, Allister, California.  
J. Colman, Toronto, Ontario.  
A. H. Kennedy, Winnipeg, Man.  
James Cowie, Indian Head, Sask.  
Louis Doan, Hull, R. I.  
H. R. Holland, Edmonton, Alta.  
A. Amunson, Spokane, Wash.  
T. Evans, London.  
T. B. Beeson, Fernie, B. C.  
Arthur Norsfall, Montreal.

### Wood and Coal.

Shortage of wood fuel was the cause of coal first coming into use.

### Norway's Lifeboats.

In Norway there are no lifeboat stations. On that fearful coast it is necessary to keep lifeboats constantly afloat, and the Norwegian service is one of the finest in the world.

### The Death Chair.

Capital punishment by electricity was adopted in New York in 1880.

### Time Measurement.

The civilized world has only one unit of measurement in common—time. The second is based upon a sixtieth part of a sixtieth part of a twenty-fourth part of the time it takes the earth to revolve. Other weights and measure systems vary.

### Ireland's Names.

Eibherna, Ibherna, Iverula and Ierne were names given to Ireland by Aristotle, Ptolemy and other ancient writers.

### Housesflies in South Africa.

Housesflies are prevalent in South Africa during the months of October, November, December, January and February. As screen doors and windows are unknown there, the houses are filled with flies. Fly paper is used extensively.

### The "Noggin."

In London a gill is often termed a "noggin." In the north of England half a pint is called a gill and the true gill is a "noggin."

### Tar and Feathers in 1189.

In England the penalty of tar and feathers was introduced in 1189: when Richard I, before setting out for the Holy Land, ordained, in order to preserve the discipline of his fleet, that whosoever should be convicted of theft should first have his head shaven; that boiling pitch should then be poured upon it and a cushion of feathers (de la plume d'oreiller) shaken over it. He was afterward to be put on shore at the first place the ship touched, though after a baptism of boiling pitch the poor wretch would have little life left.

### Cockatoo as Companion.

Recently a lady was seen taking a stroll through a fashionable London park accompanied by one of the strangest outdoor companions that one could possibly have—a cockatoo. This bird was perched upon the young lady's finger, and no chain or cord held control in case of flight. A West end bird fancier informed the writer that this was a unique case, so far as his knowledge went, of a cockatoo being made an outdoor companion.

### REID HILL.

Reid Hill, October 2.—We are informed on fairly good authority that D. P. Lee has disposed of his quarter section to I. D. McCullough, of Reid Hill.

A. B. Reid has returned home after spending some months in Washington and Vancouver.

Mr. E. Arney's new separator is doing fine work. He is now on Marshall Bros. farm.

G. P. Rows has moved into his new and commodious residence which presents a very fine appearance.

Reid Hill is highly favored this year; there are eight threshing outfits doing business here.

J. I. Bane has started operations on his quarter section of flax.

W. J. Wyatt has just completed a large barn.

E. R. Fiech made a business trip to Yuleta this week.

### GOUNOD'S TEST.

The Bidding Composer Changed His Schoolmaster's Opinion.

When Gounod was at the school of one who was called the good Papa Pierson he was constantly scribbling musical notes. One day the school master sent for him into his study.

"Your parents complain," said Pierson. "They do not wish any musician in their family. You must be a professor."

"Never!"

"Your only choice is between Greek and Latin."

"But I will be a musician," said Gounod.

"You will! Give it up, I say. It is a profession at all. However, we will just see what you can do. Here's pen and paper. Compose for me a new air to Joseph's words. 'A peine un sortir de l'enfer!'"

It was the recreation hour.

Before the bell sounded for the studies to begin again Gounod came back with his paper completely covered.

"Already?" cried Pierson. "Well, sing it then!"

Gounod sang and accompanied himself and so deeply affected poor Papa Pierson that with tears he pressed him in his arms and exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear boy! Henceforth they may say what they like, but a musician you shall be and nothing else."—From the German.

### LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

He intended to be generous, but his bride thought otherwise.

"What is the matter?" inquired her dearest friend as she was ushered into the boudoir of her newly married chum and found, instead of the vision of happiness she had expected, a disheveled heroine largely dissolved in tears. "What is the matter?"

"Algernon has gone away for a week."

"But, my child, you don't mean to say that you are such a turtle doves that you can't spare him for a week without making a scene like this?"

"Oh, no. It isn't that at all. Of course it is hard to live alone, but he has at last shown me what a monster he is."

"Why, this is shocking! What can he have done? You haven't found he was already married or?"

"No, no, no! It's only that he is a heartless, miserly creature. Only think! I asked him to leave me a check to pay for things while he was away."

"Well, surely he didn't refuse?"

"No; worse than that—far worse! He just wanted to wound and humiliate me! He left me a check, all dated and signed, complete, except that he didn't put any amount in! Wasn't that very cruel?"—Judge.

A willing mind makes a hard journey.—Massinger.

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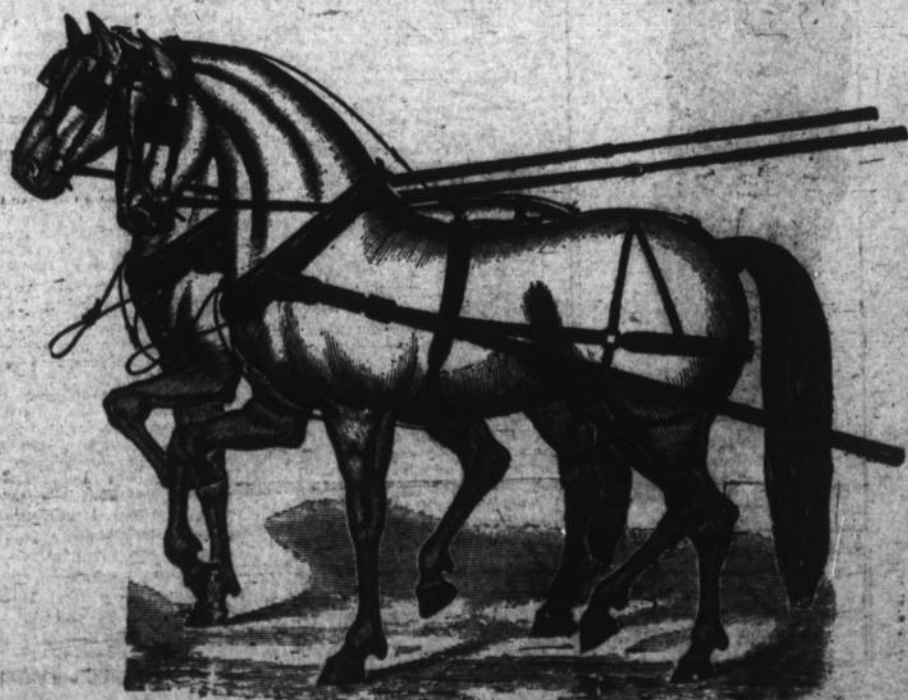
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## MADGE

A Story of the  
Former West

By JAMES G. FRIEBERG

What a change a generation has made in what was once "the west!" When "wild west" shows first appeared they represented what was really going on between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean, or, rather, what was then dying out. Now the western half of the continent is dotted with cities containing mercantile establishments, manufactories and dwellings with every convenience, including luxuries. The western settler has given place to the ranchman, the prospector to the capitalist, the gambler to the teacher and the Indian to all.

These people of former times constitute a unique society. They were good and bad mingled, the good constantly striving to throw off the bad, though the line was not sharply drawn between them.

The women, though disproportionate, small in numbers, partook of the same general characteristics as the men. There was a type of western woman, personated on the mimic stage in eastern cities during the latter part of the nineteenth century, who was very popular—a diamond in the rough, independent, free hearted, free handed and supposed to be fairly moral. She could ride, shoot or throw a lariat, tackle a grizzly or bring down an antelope at long range. Some had fought Indians, and all were fearless.

When a very young man, desiring to see people of whom I had heard so much, I went to spend a season among them. The Union Pacific railroad was being built, and I traveled on a train to the foot of the Rocky mountains. Then I went on by stagecoach till I reached a region in which gold had recently been discovered, and I put up for while at the boarding house of a woman named Hayward. Madge was her first name, and she was seldom called by any other. Those who addressed her by the last name usually prefixed a Mrs., but whether she was married, single or divorced I didn't know. No one there cared.

There was that freedom about her and her house of which I had read. Certainly nothing was conventional. And yet there was a line drawn beyond which no one ever passed. I saw one man attempt to pass it, and I also saw Madge put him out of her house with a revolver.

I was not over nineteen years old at the time and looked even younger. Madge took me under her protection. The first man who appeared to me for a tenderfoot got a dressing down from her that shut him up instantly, and from that time, being considered by the frequenters of the house as her pet, I was let alone.

Every one in the community gambled, and Madge was no exception to the rule. Every evening after she had washed and put away the supper dishes she would sit down with whoever was ready to play the national game of poker, and more or less money would change hands. But at 11 o'clock, no matter who had won or lost, she would take the cards from the table and put them away. She said she didn't propose that the house should get the reputation of being a gambling den. On one occasion a man who had lost a good deal of money protested at the game being summarily closed, whereupon Madge informed him that he would not be permitted to play there again. Had she been a man there would doubtless have been a fracas, but Madge had the support of every man in the party, though it is questionable if she needed it. I think she could have taken care of herself had the necessity arisen.

I wished to take a hand at some of these poker parties, but Madge would not consent to my doing so. One evening I begged so hard that she consented. When I left the table I had lost \$50. Madge handed me the money, which I refused to accept from her, whereupon she forced it upon me. It is needless to say that this was the last time I played the game in her house.

Of course those who came and went to and from Madge Hayward's were a floating throng. Now and then some one who played poker there would drop out, and I suspected that he had been cleaned out, though nothing was said about it, and it was generally understood that any application for a small loan would be honored by the mistress of the house. Madge was considered an excellent poker player, but I never understood that she was much ahead in the long run. She was so liberal that sometimes it looked as if she must be behind.

Nevertheless occasionally I saw her win large pots. One evening I was looking over a game at which she was playing with some miners who had come in during the day loaded with dust. The miners were anxious for high stakes, and Madge was continually trying to keep the limit down. Presently a jack pot began to grow upon the table. A number of hands were dealt, but nobody got the requisite cards to open the pot, and at every new deal the pot was sweetened.

A man by the name of Plunket was dealer when some one got a hand that warranted his opening the betting. Every one at the table was "in," and

everybody "saw" the bets that were made till all were satisfied. Then it was proposed, since there was a good deal of money already on the table, that after the draw the best hand should take it in. Madge was the last person to call for a card. Throwing her hand on the table face up, she displayed three aces, a knave and a deuce. She hesitated some time as to which of the two lower cards to discard and finally threw out the knave. Plunket dealt her a card in its place. It was another deuce, which gave her an ace full. It was a winner.

Madge scraped the money off the table, and soon after that a Connecticut clock on the mantel wheezed out the hour of 11, and the game came to an end through limitation.

The next day I left Madge Hayward's boarding house to pursue my travels and soon afterward returned to the east. I did not go back to the west for a matter of twenty years. During the interval the region where Madge Hayward had lived had been comprised within the limits of a newly admitted state. I found all much changed. I visited the capital, and a friend took me to call upon the governor. The latter was a man about fifty-five years of age and, though he dressed in the professional black, bore marks of having belonged to the early times. There was something about him that seemed familiar to me, and I fancied I might have met him during my western tour years ago. But I couldn't place him, nor could he remember having seen me before. He invited me to dinner at his home, and I accepted.

The moment I laid eyes on his wife I noticed in her, too, something familiar. If I had met her during my previous visit to the region I now beheld her twenty years older than she was then. The moment she looked at me I saw by the expression on her face that there was something about me that was not strange to her, but as she received me as a stranger I did not claim a previous acquaintance.

The dinner passed off pleasantly, the governor leaving his wife to do most of the entertaining. They both evidently had been denizens of the country in its primitive days, but women take to new conditions easier than men, and the wife would have passed for a lady anywhere. Indeed, she had spent some time with her husband in Washington while he had represented his state in congress. I heard afterward that she had been quite prominent socially at the capital.

Suddenly a look, a motion, a gesture—I can't tell which—told me that she was Madge Hayward. I was convinced that she had recognized me from the first, and if she had wished to be known as her former self she would have greeted me as her former boarder. But since she had not thus made herself known I did not feel warranted in claiming a former acquaintance. Therefore when I took leave of my hosts I did not mention the matter of bygone days. But the lady gave me a pressure of the hand that assured me I was not only remembered by her, but remembered favorably. I fancied, however, that gratitude was mingled with other sentiments, I not having given away her previous condition to her husband.

But in the latter supposition I was mistaken. While smoking in the hotel at which I was stopping a man stepped up to me who recognized in the man of thirty-nine the youth of nineteen. He proved to be one of the poker party convened at Madge Hayward's the evening before my departure. I told him that I had dined with the governor and his wife, had recognized the wife as Madge and the governor seemed familiar to me. I also asked him if he remembered how Madge had drawn the deuce that had filled her hand and won a large pot. He said he did and straightway let me into a secret.

"What I am going to tell you," he said, "is confidential. I am the only man now about here who was here then. The record of the governor and his wife is not known, and I wouldn't make it known to any one here. Madge ostensibly kept a boarding house, but it was really a gambling house. She had a husband, and the two worked the scheme together. Do you remember a man called Plunket, who dealt her that deuce? Well, he was her husband and is now the governor. He was very clever as a dealer and had fixed her hand for her before filling it with the deuce. I didn't know this at the time. I inferred it afterward when I learned the rest of the secret. Plunket was not his real name. The pair made no end of money through their scheme, and afterward the husband became prominent in politics. Having invested the money made as a card sharper in mines, he became very rich, was elected to congress and is now, as you know, governor."

"I am sorry," I said to my informant, "to hear this. I always liked Madge, and I know that she liked me. I wish you had not told me."

"You should remember that this couple were then a part of their surroundings. Would you expect to find flowers in a donkey pasture or thistles in a conservatory?"

"But the dishonesty of it all!" I exclaimed.

"Where was the dishonesty? It was the common custom of those days for those playing cards to beat one another if they could. Did Madge take your money that way? No. She would not allow you to play. I do not doubt that she and her husband, having arisen from that lowly condition which then prevailed, now look back upon it with horror."

I was not convinced, but I called on my old friend Madge and claimed an acquaintance. Her eyes filled with tears as I did so, and she and the governor kept me their guest as long as I could be induced to remain with them.

GRAZING WORK  
HORSES AT NIGHT.

It is almost impossible to lay down a rule that will apply universally in any particular agricultural practice, says the Iowa Homestead. We have always held the opinion, and this opinion is based on a broad experience, that the average farm work horse, all things considered, gives as good service during the spring and summer months if pastured at night as if kept on dry feed during these seasons. That this does not express the unanimous opinion of farmers on the subject is indicated by the views given by a Kansas farmer in the following communication:

"The pinch of the scarcity and high price of hay and grain is being keenly felt. Many a poor team is now having to work with the strength that can only be gained from green grass. To work horses on grass is bad enough when some grain is given three times a day, but to cut out the dry feed entirely, both hay and grain, and make the poor beasts subsist entirely on weedy grass is almost inhuman. Yet it is being done every day in many sections of the country this season and is partly excusable on account of the scarcity of feed of all kinds except what is growing in the pastures."

"A great many farmers make a practice of turning their work teams on pasture during the nighttime regard-



Intelligence, good temper and courage are all indicated in a good Percheron head and are proved qualities of the breed. The overwhelming popularity of Percherons on farms and in cities is ample proof that the type is the one wanted. Good feeding and shipping qualities, clean, properly set legs, dense, well shaped feet and unusual endurance at severe work are some of the strong points of the breed.

less of the hay and grain they have or how lavishly they feed it. They think it a good thing for their horses to have them out and blink up on green grass. While a little green grass is good, it can be noticed that teams not allowed any grass at all, but well fed and cared for in the barn, will stand up to hard work better and will go through the hot weather of summer in much better condition than when allowed to do every night on weedy grass. The grass makes them sweat very easily on hot days and tends to keep them soft."

We acknowledge that grazing work horses at night does in a measure "soften" them. They sweat more easily; it is true, and they require possibly a little more caution in handling than horses kept on dry feed. However, if a little common sense is used the first hour after they are hitched to the morning and if they can be fed four or five quarts of grain before being taken in from the pasture we believe that there will not be much difference in the amount of labor performed comfortably by the two classes of horses.

The cost of the upkeep of work horses is a big item in these days, and, as this subscriber says, it is excessive in high this year. Under such circumstances grass is the cheapest food that can be utilized, as it saves buying high priced hay, and in some cases it may save buying high priced grain. While we think that a horse doing a heavy day's work every day needs grain, yet on many farms where there is plenty of horsepower and the work is not very strenuous in such cases where the horses are in fair flesh they may be taken through a working season in a very satisfactory manner on grass alone. We have always been a devout champion of grass as a food for all classes of live stock, and we believe that its merit is not in any way lessened when it is used somewhat liberally for the work horse.

**Improving the Dairy Herd.**  
The grading up of the dairy herd, if fundamental principles in grading are observed, cannot result in other than improvement year after year. The grading up of a dairy herd is not completed in a few years, but is the work of a lifetime. It does not require so many years to obtain a good dairy herd, but in breeding and improving it the results are apparent year after year so long as the guiding hand is active. The best dairy cow or best dairy herd has not yet been evolved. Better dairy cows and better dairy herds will be bred just so long as the desire for improvement remains.

**Farm Economy.**  
Economy on the farm, as in all other businesses, is admirable, but economy demands that you get every drop of butter fat possible from every cow. In other words, the greatest economy comes from feeding the cow to her greatest capacity and having a cow which will make the best use of her feed.

## Suburban Obsession.

The grass—I have to cut the grass! And the host of cheerless things that make a round of country life. This is the cheerlesslest, by Jingo! I have the Jacqueminto rampart. The hedge to clip—nay, do not scold! The bean to pole, the peas to hoe. And when I plan an evening off it rains and rains and rains, and then I have to cut the grass again!

But there will come a time all right in some far summer ere I pass. When, bent beneath the weight of years, I shall not have to cut the grass. And if at last the summons be Not to some verdant realm of bliss, But to dry and bladeless bourns. A hotter suburb even than this. (They say there's one, why, bah and tut! At least there'll be no grass to cut! —Judge.

**An Unfortunate Abbreviation.**  
Cardinal Gibbons was discussing Gilmore and his band. "Gilmore," continued the cardinal, "was famous for his playing of Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass.' On one occasion he played it in a North Carolina town, and next day the local paper announced that he 'rendered with great effect Mozart's 'Twelfth Massachusetts.'" —Popular Magazine.

**How Long Can He Stand It?**  
This is Mrs. Forbes-Robertson Hale's latest suffrage story:

"A negro woman was arguing and arguing with her husband, and when she had finished he said, 'Dinoh, yo' talk don't affect me no mo' than a flea bite.'"

"Well, dinhah," she answered, 'T's gawna keep yo' scratchin'.'" —Woman's Home Companion.

**His Limit.**  
"Queen of my heart," he softly sighed. "We'll travel fast and far Along the dewy country roads Within a touring car Or on a white, palatial yacht Beneath the moonlight pale Across the blue and breezy bay I'll take you for a sail. "Together in an aeroplane We'll mount the azure sky And soar among the fleecy clouds And with the eagle fly. Or in a speedy motorboat We'll skim by cape and highland. And then they took a trolley car And went to Coney Island. —New York Times.

**At Last.**  
Warren Chambers—So Cashier Moral has gone wrong? They say he has been stealing for fifteen years.

Barclay Murray—Why, when they investigated his books a year ago I thought he came out of the ordeal unscathed.

Warren Chambers—He did, but they have spotted him now.—Puck.

**The Essential.**  
"You see, we have good streets, excellent lighting and snipping facilities. Trade conditions are good. We hope you will locate here."

"I dunno," said the visitor. "Things look good. But tell me this."

"Well?"

"What kind of a ball team have you got?"—Washington Herald.

**Summer Stuff.**  
They dabbled their toes, side by side, In the rippling mountain brook. He was a pippin; she was a peach—Wonderful! Have a look!

He fished in that little purling stream. He swore he would catch a whale. His swear was only a summer's dream—Terrible! Hear his wail!

He waded out of the creek, by Jingo, In the hazy sunset glow, And he hadn't caught a god-darned thing, By golly! But she had, though! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Just a Precaution.**  
"Why are you starting out with an umbrella on such a sunshiny day?" "I am bound for the art gallery."

"But you cannot exhibit an umbrella."

"Of course not. But a notice on the catalogue says that one must leave his cane or umbrella outside before he can enter." —Toronto World.

**Kindness.**

"Do you ever go out of your way to do things to make other people happy?"

"Yes. I crossed the street this morning to avoid meeting a man who owes money to me." —Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Busy Man.**  
"Away, away!" Said William Bix. "I have no time. For politics!" Then, just to show His proper bent, He bought some bait And fishing went. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Benefited Anyway.**  
"Sorry you couldn't attend our banquet last night, doctor. It would have done you good."

"Thank you! It has done me good. I have just prescribed for three of the guests." —Boston Transcript.

**The Literary Courtship.**  
"They started in a purely platonic way to read 'Lucile' together."

"Well?"

"Now they are interested in a book that tells how to build a \$1,000 house." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

**The Darkest Hour.**  
How often, oh, how often, were you told In your youth:

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn!"

How often, oh, how often, did you find the real truth:

"The darkest hour is just before you dawn!" —New York Sun.

**Occasionally.**

Inquirer—Do you ever get into trouble on account of careless pedestrians?

Chamfer—Sometimes. The last time I ran into one I smashed a six dollar lamp all to smithereens.—Chicago Tyb

## STEEL RAILS A MARVEL.

The Strain, the Pull, the Pounding and Grinding They Endure.

Have you an idea of the strain to which a steel rail is subjected today? Let us consider one for a moment in the time of its greatest torture and see. The Cannon Ball express is coming. It is drawn by two engines. The largest weighs 100 tons. Seventy-seven tons of the weight are carried on the six driving wheels, which means almost thirteen tons to a wheel. Thirteen tons of weight upon each wheel! That means thirteen tons of weight imploring for a flying instant upon a rail surface perhaps no more than an inch square and then moving forward all the time, a succession of whirling blows from a thirteen ton hammer.

If the train is going thirty miles an hour an imaginary square inch has but one five-hundred-and-twenty-eighth part of a second in which to receive the blow, twice under it distribute the terrible force of it through its elastic elements to the surrounding mass of the rail, brace itself to help distribute stresses that are being set up on adjacent surfaces and zigzagging back and forth in all sorts of ways through the content of the rail and then almost instantly lift its devoted head to receive the blow of the next driving wheel. If the train is going sixty miles an hour instead of thirty this all has to be received, withstood and passed on in one ten-hundred-and-fifty-sixth part of a second.

And yet this isn't all that is happening to the nerves of the rail. This is only taking account of the compression strains. There is another set of strains, for these big driving wheels are pulling the train. They have caught hold of the rails just as your hands grip the rope in a tug-of-war, and they take a fresh hold every fraction of a second. The tendency is to pull the top or head off the rail, to pull it all to pieces. It is the business of the rail to stick together, head and web and flange, in every single and separate molecule with all the tenacity of which steel is capable.

But we have stated only one-half the tension strain. This strain is reversing all the time, for while the huge drivers are pulling one part of the rail toward them they are pushing another part away from them. This plucking and spurling, hauling and kicking, tension and compression go on continuously. Complete reversing from compression to tension or back again takes place with every half turn of a driving wheel and at a frightfully rapid rate. The marvel is that the rail is not ground to powder.—Metropolitan Magazine.

**The Explanation.**  
Robert Henri, the artist, said in New York of a bogus "old master":

"Some of these experts must be very ignorant, judging from the facility with which they are duped. They must be ready to swallow anything. It's like the Velasquez story."

"An auctioneer, you know, put up the picture, saying:

"Here we are, ladies and gentlemen—this exquisite Velasquez—'Battle of Waterloo.' What am I bid? One million nine hundred thousand—"

"But," interrupted an expert in a puzzled voice—"but I thought Velasquez died before the battle of Waterloo?"

"So he did, sir," explained the auctioneer, "so he did, but this, you see, is one of our dear old Velly's posthumous works." —New York Tribune.

**"Barber's Music."**  
Barbers in the old days might well charge heavily, for theirs must have been a nerve racking existence. Zithers were provided instead of newspapers, and customers used to strum on these while waiting for a vacant chair. Dekker, writing early in the seventeenth century, refers to "a barber's cittern for every man to play on." The term "barber's music" was a common one in the days of Pepys, who on June 5, 1690, records, "After supper my lord called for the lieutenant's cittern, and with two candlesticks, with money in them for symbols, we made barber's music, with which my lord was very well pleased." —London Standard.

**Curt and Concise.**

A certain surly old Yankee who runs a small summer hotel on the Massachusetts coast once received a rambling letter from a prospective guest, who wrote to engage "two large, sunny rooms overlooking the ocean and connecting with private bath." One may imagine the lady's surprise at getting the following curt reply: "Dear Madam—All rooms face the ocean, and that's your bath." —Lippincott's.

**Considerate.**  
X. (an incorrigible borrower)—Lend me a five, old man. Y. (weakly lending him \$4.95)—I'm keeping the other shilling to pay for the postage of the letters which I shall have to write you before I get my money back. X. (coolly)—Keep 5 shillings, then. That will give me more time.—London Tit-Bits.

**Something to Try.**  
Tweed & Chevlot, tailors, wrote to Livingstone Bickford as follows:

"We must have something on account by Saturday next. What can we count on?"

And Mr. Bickford promptly replied, "Ever try an adding machine?"

**Jarred His Dad.**  
Father—No, indeed! My father never heard me tell a lie! Willie—Was grandpa as deaf and grandma—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Who loves too much hate in the like extreme.—Pope.

Good  
form

About Wedding Cards.

It is sometimes said that an invitation for a large and formal wedding requires no answer. This is not strictly true, however. Where the "at home" form is used it may be inferred that no reply is expected. Where the host "requests the pleasure," an answer should be sent. Indeed, one is often asked for in the invitation, or a separate card with "Please respond" is enclosed, says Florence How's Hall.

For a breakfast where the guests are to be seated at table or for a small wedding an answer should be sent promptly. One should be careful to follow the form of the invitation:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Furness accept with pleasure (or regret their inability to accept) the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. James Wentworth for Thursday afternoon, June twentieth, at half after four o'clock.

It is not thought polite to use the word "decline." The envelope is usually addressed to the hostess alone. Guests unable to attend a wedding reception send cards on the day of the affair to the bride's parents or to the persons in whose name the invitations are issued. Additional cards are sometimes sent to the bride and groom, but this is unnecessary. An invitation to a church wedding requires no answer. Those who are unable to be present should certainly acknowledge in some way the courtesy shown them. If the persons inviting them belong to their circle of visiting acquaintances they should either send cards or call within two weeks after the wedding. If they were unacquainted with the former, as in the case of the friends of the bridegroom, they would not make a personal visit, but would send cards instead. All who are invited to the home, however, whether they are friends or strangers, should call soon after the wedding.

A wedding announcement should be answered by sending cards to the persons making it. One thus shows appreciation of the courtesy extended and informs the senders that their communication has been received. Where it comes from a distant city and no address is given it may be impossible or very difficult to acknowledge it.

All who receive cards for the bride's "at homes" should call. If several days are mentioned it is best to select an early one, since everybody should welcome the young couple to their new home as soon as possible. If the marriage takes place toward the end of June the cards sometimes say, "At home after Oct. 1." In this case no one would make a formal call until that date.

Those living at a distance send cards in lieu of making a personal visit. A lady sends one for the bride; a man sends two, one being for the benedict.

**Needed For Guest Room.**

A sewing case for a guest room can easily be made at home from a five pointed star shaped straw mat six inches in diameter.

In the center of the mat put a pin-cushion of satin ribbon an inch in diameter and an inch high, tightly stuffed. This is made by cutting a round of satin for the top and sewing to it a band of the ribbon five inches long and two inches deep to allow for seams and turning in at the bottom. Make a star from five strips of ribbon, each two inches long, turned in at one end to form a point, and arrange the star from the center of the mat so the points come between its points. In the center of this ribbon star sew the pin-cushion, taking the stitches firmly through the mat, and on off side make a thimble case of the ribbon to hold a white bone thimble.

On two of the four points of the straw mat fasten a spool of white silk by running inch wide satin ribbon through it and tying in a small bow on the outside. On the other two points fasten spools of colored silk to match the ribbon trimmings.

To the fifth point fasten a pair of small scissors by a loop of No. 1 ribbon, ending in a many looped bow.

**Holding the Sunshade.**

The sunshade seems to be a rock upon which many a woman's good taste hopelessly founders. Not only does one often see uncomfortable color mixtures, but quite as often the sunshade is held so ungracefully that the whole effect is awkward and clumsy. There ought to be classes on "how to hold the sunshade," and nine women out of ten would benefit from the lessons, but as yet no enterprising individual has originated the idea. A little practice before a long mirror is recommended. Also take note of the following: See that you do not grasp the handle as if it were an implement of war. Do not hold it too near the center of the handle nor too near the tip. Both these faults are very common and give a most awkward appearance. Don't use it as a walking stick nor, if it has a crook handle, hang it on your arm. Hold it lightly and easily a little distance from the top of the handle and at a slightly slanting angle.

**For the Sick Room.**

A delightful deodorizing disinfectant for a sickroom is made by putting ground coffee in a saucer with a small piece of gum camphor in the middle. Light the camphor with a match, and as it burns the coffee will be consumed, at the same time throwing off an agreeable odor.



## For the Children

Upland Plover, a Useful Bird.  
Being Hunted to Extinction.

The upland plover, a beautiful and useful bird, is a close relative of the sandpiper. While sandpipers live in the vicinity of water, the upland plover frequents dry hills and prairies and is most abundant in the interior. This so-called plover breeds from Oregon, Oklahoma and Virginia north to Alaska, Mackenzie and Maine and migrates over the more southern parts of the continent, passing to the pampas of Argentina to spend the winter.

Almost half its food is made up of grasshoppers, crickets and weevils, all of which exact heavy toll from cultivated crops. These weevils injure, often seriously, such crops as wheat, corn, rye and barley, as well as forage plants of many kinds. The upland plover further makes itself useful to the farmer by devouring leaf beetles, including army worms and cutworms. They also befriended cattle by eating horse flies and cattle ticks.

Notwithstanding that the upland plover injures no crops and consumes a host of the worst enemies of agriculture, it seems a great pity that one of the best friends of the farmer should be exterminated by hunters, who care only for the momentary pleasure of dropping these swift flying birds.

## Blind Postman.

In this game the first thing to be done is to appoint a postmaster general and a postman. The table must then be pushed to one side, so that when the company have arranged themselves round the room there may be plenty of room to move about. The postmaster general, with paper and pencil in hand, then goes round the room and writes down each person's name, linking with it the name of the town that the owner of the name chooses to represent. As soon as the towns are chosen and all are in readiness the postman is blindfolded and placed in the middle of the room. The postmaster then announces that a letter has been sent from one town to another, perhaps from the city of London to Edinburgh. It is so, the representative of these two cities must stand up and as silently as possible change seats. While the transition is being made the postman is at liberty to secure one of the seats for himself. If he can do so, then the former occupant of the chair must submit to be blindfolded and take upon himself the office of postman.

## Is Your Swastika Correct?

One of the lucky charms most generally worn recently has been the swastika. Superstitious wearers would do well to examine their reproductions of it and make sure that they are correct in form and material, for Sir George Birdwood, an authority on Indian matters, has been giving some interesting and alarming facts concerning this ancient and mystic symbol.

The right handed swastika—that is, the one whose transom or arm points to the right—is the symbol of the sun and of light, of health and happiness and other good qualities, and it alone is lucky. It should be fashioned only of gold and colored (if enameled on any other metal) only red, the color of the east, or yellow, the color of the south.

The left handed swastika is the symbol of the moon and of moonlight, of all darkness and supernatural terrors, of all mortal diseases and disgraces and other forms of ill omen.

## An Amusing Trick.

A simple parlor trick is done by asking one of your audience to take two chairs and place them back to back three feet apart. Now ask him or any one in the audience whether he can take off his shoes and jump over them. Most likely he will find it an impossible task. Then tell him that you can do it very easily. Take off your two shoes, place them on the floor and jump over the shoes. This was all the other party was to do, only he did not understand it in that way.

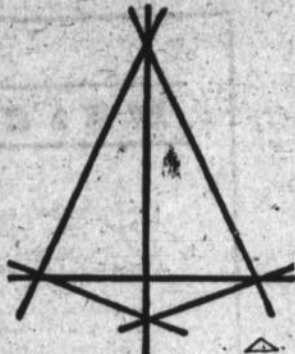
## The Artist.

My paintbox opens with a slide, and shows the colored palette inside with which I paint the head and sea. The house, mountain and the tree. But it does not paint them well. I may do better—who can tell? I do my best, if not correct. What more can any one expect? From one so young, about to start, and one who never studied art. My landscape never as true as those I've often seen at artist's shows. Where I could never understand. Which was the sea and which the land. These pictures by a boy of eight are not expected to be great. I may be when I larger grow. A second Michelangelo.

## HAY FROM THE SOY BEAN.

Directions For Handling Forage From This Useful Plant.

For hay soy beans are cut with the mower and as soon as wilted raked into small windrows. They are allowed to dry here for a short time and should then be put into small shocks and allowed to stand until well cured. Experience is necessary in curing soy bean hay, but those who have made cowpea hay will find less trouble in curing that of soy beans. A correspondent writes to regard to curing cowpea hay that he sets posts about one foot into the ground, nails cross pieces near the bottom and shocks the hay over the posts as soon as cut. The forkfuls of pea vines are slipped over the post, which is sharpened, and a good sized shock made. No further at-



DEVICE FOR CURING SOY BEAN HAY IN SHOCK.  
(From bulletin Kentucky agricultural station.)

tention is given until the hay is cured. He claims that hay cured in this way is of extra fine quality, but does not say how much time it takes to handle the hay in this manner. It would probably not prove practical on a large scale, but is worth trying with a small crop.

Another contrivance often used in curing soy bean or cowpea hay is illustrated here. The hay is allowed to wilt and is then raked into windrows and piled over these frames. Being held up from the ground and having an air space in the center of the shock, the hay, of course, cures quite rapidly. This apparatus appears to be more practical than the one described above.

Neither soy bean nor cowpea hay keeps well in a stack unless given a good covering of timothy or other grass, because the coarseness of the stems allows the water to penetrate so readily. The stack should also be made on brush, rails or boards to keep the hay from becoming damp and moldy on the bottom.—Bulletin, Kentucky Agricultural Station.

## CO-OPERATION.

Co-operative effort has enabled many farmers and stockmen to improve their live stock. It is an easy matter to secure the best breeding stock when a number of farmers buy males upon the co-operative plan. It does not require large capital to farm, but it requires intelligence and business organization.

## Silage Cheaper Than Pasture.

Dean Mumford of the Missouri College of Agriculture makes the statement that cows can be maintained more cheaply on silage than they can be carried through the summer on blue grass pasture, where the land costs about \$100 per acre and is suitable for growing corn. He says that there is very little pasture land where a cow and a calf can be pastured on less than one and one-half acres, but is entirely possible to get twelve and one-half to twenty tons of silage from one acre.

## Sorghum, a Good Hay.

Sorghum is considered one of the most valuable forage crops. It is a stronger feeding plant than corn and will do better on this land where summer months are quite warm.—American Agriculturist.

## Apiary Notes.

Don't use sulphuric acid for cleaning beehives, because it will burn the comb and take the substance out of it so that an extent that the bees will not work upon it.

Bees won't thrive in a cellar where there are mice or any disturbing influences. It is well to partition bees off to themselves where it is quiet, with plenty of ventilation and little light.

During spring manipulations, in preparing bees for winter and at other times it may be necessary to feed them for stimulation or to provide stores. Honey from an unknown source should never be used for fear of introducing disease.

The first thing to be looked after in making a bee cellar would be the location. This should be in a side hill or knoll sloping to the south where the soil is gravel or sandy loam. By digging into the bank a cellar of sufficient size to hold the number of colonies comfortably can be secured.

A curious interference on the part of the honeybees in our economic questions has occurred in the tobacco raising sections of the country. They are gathering nectar from the tobacco blossoms, and some of the apiarists complain that the honey is flavored in a way that is neither delightful nor wholesome.

## VANCOUVER'S WATERFRONT.

It is a Place Fragrant With Wares From Far Off Lands.

Vancouver's waterfront is like a great mural painting, bright with color, and for background the mountains, with their shining snows, stand up on the other side of the harbor in a long panorama of beauty. The great sawmills, like leviathan beasts in the midst of their yellow acres of lumber piles, give the picture much of its life and movement. Writes "Bruce" in The Vancouver Sunnet.

But it is the fragrant commodities from China far across the sea and the merchandise from world-ports, which I have seen only on the maps that give the waterfront its color, and the miles of sea that lie between Vancouver and the ports she trades with seem to wash the picture into proper tone. You have only to watch the hairy longshoremen slowing the bales and cases in the dockshed and you think of far countries and the romance of commerce since the days of Hiram the Railorner and King Solomon's merchantmen that came once in three years bringing gold and silver and ivory and apes and peacocks. You may think you can read character, but the dark-toned face of Gow Yip, the Chinese deck-hand, would puzzle you. The Chinese sailors shade from the color of butter to that of molasses, and Gow Yip is dark as a charcoal sketch.

The Vancouver waterfront has the picturesque character and romantic interest of older ports where travelers' tales begin. You can see ships and sailors, nameless Jack-before-the-mast, tattooed, ear-ringed, brown with the smoke of the sun and the pickle of the weather, and the longshoremen who sing a rugged verse in the song of commerce. The rusty ships from the other side of the world and the trains that have crossed the continent with the dust of their journey upon them meet here and exchange tales which are hard to clothe with words that you would understand. Until some northern Homer puts them into the proper words you will have to be content with the knowledge that the color and material for several odysseys wait here for a strong man to shape. You see the thing many times and you feel its fascination, but you cannot tell it as it should be told. To walk along the waterfront is like turning over the pages of illustrated books of travel and romance, but here the illustrations are living figures moving against a background more picturesque than any artist's imagination could invent. Like wreckage washed up on the shore and left by the tide, human wreckage, roving men from all over the world, driftage of every shading of race and color, are cast upon the beach of Vancouver. Seafaring men and landmen, men of every country and men without a country, come and go like the tides. The atmosphere is as full of stories, many inventions and many true tales, as the stage is full of players. The life of a seaport is commerce dramatized; trade follows less romantic roads inland. The cargoes of spices and silks seem to lose some of their fragrance when they leave the wharves.

## Bringing In Drugs.

A man was arrested in Toronto recently charged with bringing in drugs from the United States, which he was selling in that city. He apparently was buying large quantities of cocaine in Buffalo and smuggling it across the border and past Canadian inspectors, was getting it safely into the country. He was arrested at the instigation of the city morality department.

It seems there have been, and still is, a great number of men who make a big thing out of this kind of work. They get the pure drug from some drug store on the other side and, bringing it here, greatly adulterate it with some other flaky material, when the whole mixture is sold for pure stuff and at an increase in price over that paid for it in the United States. It is a hard proposition to catch these smugglers, as many of them are adepts in the art of escaping inspectors and officers.

The Chinese is the king pin of all these knights of the underworld. His strong point is the bringing of opium from Vancouver here and getting it safely carried, landed and cached without suspicion attaching to himself. His method of doing this is brilliant but well known. Perhaps a trunk, which is in most cases half filled with the drug, addressed to a white man in Toronto, likely a fictitious name. Before having the trunk checked from Vancouver he must show a ticket and give the name of the sender. This is easy. The wise celestial has a white friend to do this for him, and thus he never figures as a factor in the shipped trunk at all. He is rarely caught.

## To Explore Hudson Bay.

It is now three centuries, plus three years, since the exploration of our great northern inland sea was commenced by Henry Hudson, and the work in which he lost his life is not finished yet. In fact, it is only well begun. And yet during all these intervening years the bay has been navigated both by ships of peace and ships of war. The great majority of the men who have sailed those waters were the servants of the Great Company. Their vessels were comparatively small, and the commanders soon learned the ports and roadsteads available to them. Charts were made, pretty general in character, but they met fairly well the need of the time. The needs of to-day are greater, and this is why the work of exploring Hudson Bay has been carried on with considerable thoroughness during the past ten years, and why it is to be carried on this summer more thoroughly than ever.

## Found Relics of 1812.

While excavating for an addition to Barker street school at Niagara Falls, workmen recently unearthed relics of the war of 1812, the school being on the site of the Battle of Lundy's Lane. Among the relics discovered was an iron spade believed to have been used by the British in throwing up entrenchments.

## INDIAN LORETTE.

Suburb of Quebec is One of Canada's Historic Spots.

Nine miles from Quebec City, on the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, is the village of Indian Lorette, near Lorette Falls, which some consider more beautiful than even the Falls of Montmorency. But the tourist will postpone seeing the Falls till he has seen at least one thing that gives this Indian village a curious distinction. That is the old Indian chapel.

This old chapel is a perfect picture gallery of interest. It has the quaint character of a museum combined with the charm of a sanctuary where still the picturesque descendants of the once famous Hurons gather to worship, singing in two choirs as related by Charlevoix, "Men on one side, women on the other, prayers and hymns of the church in their own language." The chapel is the same model and dimensions as the well-known chapel of Santa Casa, from which a replica of the statue of the Virgin Mary was sent to Lorette. Indeed Lorette chapel is the repository of more historic relics from old France than any other church of its size in America. Away back in 1621 the Court of France sent over to the Huron Indians a statue of St. Joseph; also two chandeliers, two vases, and a crown, all of pure and highly chased silver. The splendid altar cloth, embroidered by the ladies of the court of Louis XIV., was sent to the Hurons of Lorette by the great monarch whose famous saying, "L'etat c'est moi," has become a proverb. The brass railing under the altar cloth was presented by a wealthy Frenchman. Nowhere else in Canada, perhaps, could be found so many of the historical relics which long before the conquest of New France, by the English, linked up French Canada with the court and the country of France. Indian Lorette is a quaint epitome of what it feels like in this swirling commercial age to forget commerce and contemplate for a while the poetic significance of old Canada. And the scenery, always sublime, is as beautiful now as it was in the brave days of the Hurons. Settlement has not spoiled it. The charm still lingers for the bustling tourist who, if he visits any of the environs of Quebec City, must surely visit Indian Lorette.—Canadian Courier.

## English People and Canada.

In his report on immigration, Mr. Arthur Hawkes says that consideration of the question of obtaining immigrants from the British islands "must be governed by an inflexible adhesion to the principle that only persons acceptable in body, mind and character must be allowed to enter Canada. This," he continues, "involves frank recognition of the fact that, speaking very broadly and not at all invidiously, the English people have the most vigorous and unlearned in the way of themselves to Canadian conditions."

The presumed unpopularity of the English in Canada need not have existed, if the English could, by instinct, have acquired essential knowledge about Canada, in England.

Giving sidelights on the knowledge of British school children concerning Canada, he says that a seventh standard boy was asked these questions and gave the answers as follows:

"You have learned a good deal of geography." "Yes, sir."

"What do you know about India?" "It's a very hot country, sir."

"And the Ganges?" "A big river, sir."

"Anything about it?" "It has many mouths, called a delta."

"Have you ever heard of the Saskatchewan?" "A little, sir."

"Where is it?" "In India, sir."

"Do you know the difference between British Columbia and New Brunswick?" "Yes, sir."

"What is it?" "British Columbia is a very large place with a few houses in it, sir. New Brunswick is a place with a lot of houses."

"And where is New Brunswick?" "Close to London, sir."—Canadian Courier.

## Apples From Tasmania.

No more will the price of apples out of season be beyond the means of the ordinary citizen. This will be brought about by the shipment to Canada during the early spring and summer of apples from Tasmania.

Although a few small odd shipments have been sent to Canada from Tasmania, the lack of refrigerator accommodation on the ships has prevented this being done to any great extent. Now, however, with the ships able to handle large consignments, the shipment of apples from there to here will develop into a big thing. Ships properly equipped for the purpose often carry as many as a hundred and twenty thousand bushels of apples in one shipment from Australia to England.

The average apple crop of Tasmania is more than two million bushels, and with the addition to the business which will be brought by the new trade, to be opened up with Canada, the crop yield will within a few years be doubled. The crop is ripe at the very time that apples here are scarce and dear in price.

In Vancouver the apple shippers are enthusiastic over the project, and think it can work both ways. Tasmania shipping apples over here when they were out of season, and Canada shipping apples to the Australian commonwealth when they were plentiful here.

## Bounty for Triplets.

As "The King's" bounty for triplets, the sum of three pounds sterling have been received at the mayor's office, in Toronto, to be conveyed to Mrs. Adolph Vonzenen of 157 Winchester street. The three little Vonzenens in question were born on April 8, and the proud father, Adolph Vonzenen, is an employee of the Street Railway Company. The letter notifying the mayor of the award was signed by Thomas Mulvey, Under Secretary of State for Canada.

## Glad Mubby Was in Jail.

Captain Charles Edwards of the Walnut street police station was sitting in his office the other evening when a negro woman entered his office with a man whom the captain had seen before in tow.

"Excuse me for taking your time, Mr. Officer, but I want to know is this the man that you had in jail last Saturday night and Sunday. You see, he failed to come home and told me he had been locked up. I guessed right away he'd been from the gospel truth and brought him right down here with me to prove it to him."

"I regret to say, madam, but he was our special guest over Sunday," answered Captain Edwards.

"Oh, Zach, my dear boy, will you ever forgive me for not believing you? I don't care how many times you are arrested, just so's I know where you is," said the negress as she fell on Zach's neck, begging forgiveness.—Kansas City Journal.

## The Impossible Ideal.

That fellow in the picture ad. He causes me regret. It often leaves me strangely sad. That was I have ever met. A stunning suit of clothes he wears; He shaves himself with glee. No matter where I look, he stares Contentedly at me.

He eats all kinds of breakfast food; He smokes all kinds of weed; He strikes a graceful attitude And bids you pause and read. That picture fellow haunts me still And leaves me feeling grim, For, buy and struggle as I will, I cannot look like him! —Washington Star.

## Paternal Pride.

A northern Missouri justice of the peace, whose fence marks the boundary between Missouri and Iowa, is much impressed with his position.

One day he saw his son and the hired man fighting and ran toward them shouting:

"Cease, in the name of the state of Missouri!"

Just then the combatants crashed through the fence, and the old man halted.

"Give it to him, son," he whooped. "I've lost my jurisdiction."—Everybody's Magazine.

## Leaked Like It.

They were looking at the canvases on exhibition in the artist's studio.

"Does this one represent a real landscape?" inquired the portly gentleman with the double chin.

"Yes, sir," answered the artist; "that rude shack in the foreground is a moonshiner's cabin in the Tennessee mountains."

"Oh, yes; this must be the painting called 'Still Life' in the catalogue."—Chicago Tribune.

## And Good in Everything.

I must search for some good; with a wide open mind. In the things I dislike, of all types, So I'm going to make a strong effort to find Some virtue in calash pipes. —Poria Herald-Transcript.

## Mouthpieces.

"I object to the use of dummy directors who do simply what they are told."

"Well," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "I don't know that a dummy director is any more helpless as a personal quantity than an instructed delegate or a member of an electoral college."—Washington Star.

## Never Tested.

"I used to think I would know just how to manage my wife when I got her."

"Has your system proved to be a failure?"

"No; the system may be all right, as far as I know. She has never let me try it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## When We Will Admit It.

"I am much overrated. I admit it," said Bill Snook. "And I deny what's stated in the tax assessor's book." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Where Walls Have Ears.

Mr. Wreuter—Suppose we call on those people in the rooms on the other side of the hall.

Mrs. Wreuter (who has been listening)—We can't do it now. They're eating their dinner. They have just finished the soup and begun on the celery.—Chicago Tribune.

## Fillial Piety.

Tommy Twaddles—Oh, I don't want to go to school!

Pa Twaddles—But don't you want a good education?

Tommy Twaddles (ingratiatingly)—No, pa; I'd rather grow up to be just like you.—Tit-Bits.

## A Spring Problem.

A question comes, there's little doubt. To every young and pretty miss: "Which can I get along without The best—the onion or the kiss?" —Judge.

## Wrong Advice.

"Always mind your own business," said the sage. "It doesn't pay to get mixed up in other people's quarrels."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the young man. "I'm a lawyer."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Spell It With a "W."

Medium—Do you hear those knocks? That's your dead husband.

Ann—Caroline—Now, it's not, nuther. I done told you once dey done use rags where dat pinner went.—Philadelphia Record.

## Keep Them on the Ground.

The captain called his baseball nine And, to his great surprise, Said, "Every man will draw a line Who tries to swat the flies." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

## WIDOW'S WEEDS.

Gracefully Draped Veil For First Mourning.



WHEN THE VEIL IS THROWN BACK.

After the first six months the widow's veil may be thrown back, and a graceful arrangement is pictured here. The veil is doubled and pinned over the hat to the ends falling naturally at one side.

## FOLLIES OF FASHION.

Why Women Wear Ribbons in Their Hair.

Observe the young lady with the ribbon about her hair. Do you know why she wears it? No? Neither does she.

The reason is that in the year 1680 the Duchess de Fontanges' hat blew off. The duchess, then the favorite of Louis XIV., was out hunting on the royal preserves. Unfortunately her hat blew off. What was she to do? The duchess was equal to the occasion. Taking off her crimson garter ribbon, she bound it about her disheveled coiffure with the rosette to the front.

"Charming!" exclaimed the gentlemen of the party who had gallantly lowered their eyes during the change.

Being the favorite of the king, everything she did started a fad among the sheeplike ladies of the court. Immediately ribbons about the carefully disordered hair became the rage. Later rats, false curls, lace and other foreign matter were added to the Fontanges style. The modern hair ribbon is a recurrence.

False hair, however, is of much older origin. In the British museum is a toupee that covered the bald spot of an unknown Babylonian, defunct these several thousand years. Every wisp of hair has retained its original curl.

## Girl's Summer Frock.

No summer fabric is so easy to handle as embroidery founcing, and the costume is half made before it is begun. Inexpensive founcing was used



EFFECTIVE USE FOR FLOUNCING.

most effectively for this little girl's frock. Bands of torchon insertion being introduced here and there as entre-deux.

## Divided on Suffrage.

English society women are divided on the suffrage question. It is the fashion to have strong views for or against and very old fashioned to be indifferent on the subject.

Meetings on one side or the other must be fitted into the day's round of social duties. Sometimes they are sandwiched in between luncheons and teas and in other cases between dinners and dances.



# YOUR WORK IS NOT YET OVER--

## YOUR GRAIN MUST BE MARKETING

You have put money and labor and months of anxiety into the raising of this 1912 crop. You must now sell your crop to the best advantage. You used the most up-to-date methods you knew of in raising it and it is now up to you to use the most up-to-date methods in selling it.

No matter how, when or where you sell your crop the great bulk of it eventually finds its way to the CENTRAL market where the price is regulated by its value on the world's markets.

The price on the CENTRAL market less the cost of getting it there fixes your net price at the farm.

Your problem then is to put Your crop on the Central market at the smallest cost.

Freight charges do not vary but the toll of the middle man who handles your grain does. Elevators and elevator operators cost money and it takes a large toll to keep them going. Track buyers must live and they must send the grain they buy to some commission firm to handle for them. This toll is a little smaller but still too large. The Commission Firm with no paid agents and only a Central organization doing business by mail can and does handle your grain for the smallest possible toll. The Grain Growers' Grain Company is more efficient than any other.

There are over 12,000 farmers in the West who have in their own Commission firm, the Grain Growers' Grain Co., perfected the best organization in the West for handling grain, and in this space for a while they will tell you facts Why you should ship your Grain to

**The Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd.**  
Calgary and Winnipeg

Calgary Office: LOUGHEED BUILDING

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO CALGARY OFFICE

# OUR JOB DEPARTMENT

WE have one of the best equipped job offices in Southern Alberta and are prepared to turn out artistic work at moderate prices.

If you want any stationery, cards, circulars, etc., make us a call and talk it over.

**REV J E M**

## Local News of Interest

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1912

Mrs. Frank Clark is convalescent. G. Main, of Iowa, is prospecting for and.

Mr. Nicholson has moved his house to Minerva street.

Out. Shipin made a short visit to Nanton last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Upton, of Ottawa, are guests of Elva's brothers.

Look for Brown & Rutherford's new ad. This may interest you.

Have you seen the new shooting gallery ad? Give them a call.

Mr. and Mrs. Lobow attended the wedding of a niece at Claresheim.

You always get good service and prompt attention at the Palace Livery stable.

Mrs. Halladay has had for a guest her mother, Mrs. Campbell, of Iowa.

H. W. Reeves is preparing for the erection of a handsome cottage on Vulcan street.

The contract for an \$800 manse has been let to Contractor Hesketh who constructed the hotel.

The new superintendent of Presbyterian field missions, Dr. Farqueson, paid Vulcan a visit last week.

Do you like fresh roasted peanuts? F. Smart roasts them every little while which means they are always fresh.

Among the many real estate deals and transfers the past week were: Lots 8 and 9 in block six, transfer by D. F. Lee to Milton F. Earp.

Dr. Smith, dentist, will be in Carmanagay October 10-14, and at the Imperial hotel, Vulcan, October 16, 17 and 18, for the practice of his profession.

Peter Terry has taken over the Deaton draying outfit, and will put on a capable man to handle the business which is to be known as the Vulcan transfer.

### Visitors from A.B.

D. J. Griswald, Galesburg, Illinois.

F. M. Hoffman, Montreal.

P. Murphy, Allister, California.

J. Colman, Toronto, Ontario.

A. H. Kennedy, Winnipeg, Man.

James Cowie, Indian Head, Sask.

Louis Doan, Hull, R. I.

H. R. Holland, Edmonton, Alta.

A. Amunson, Spokane, Wash.

T. Evans, London.

T. B. Beeson, Fernie, B. C.

Arthur Norfall, Montreal.

### Wood and Coal.

Shortage of wood fuel was the cause of coal first coming into use.

### Norway's Lifeboats.

In Norway there are no lifeboat stations. On that fearful coast it is necessary to keep lifeboats constantly afloat, and the Norwegian service is one of the finest in the world.

### The Death Chair.

Capital punishment by electricity was adopted in New York in 1890.

### Time Measurement.

The civilized world has only one unit of measurement in common--time. The second is based upon a sixtieth part of a sixtieth part of a twenty-fourth part of the time it takes the earth to revolve. Other weights and measure systems vary.

### Ireland's Names.

Hibernia, Ibernia, Iveria and Ierne were names given to Ireland by Aristotle, Ptolemy and other ancient writers.

### Houseships in South Africa.

Houseships are prevalent in South Africa during the months of October, November, December, January and February. As screen doors and windows are unknown there, the houses are filled with flies. Fly paper is used extensively.

### The "Noggin."

In London a girl is often termed a "quarter." In the north of England half a pint is called a gill and the true gill a "noggin."

### Tar and Feathers in 1189.

In England the penalty of tar and feathers was introduced in 1189, when Richard I., before setting out for the Holy Land, ordained, in order to preserve the discipline of his fleet, that whosoever should be convicted of theft should first have his head shaved; that boiling pitch should then be poured upon it and a cushion of feathers (de la plume d'oreiller) shaken over it. He was afterward to be put on shore at the first place the ship touched, though after a baptism of boiling pitch the poor wretch would have little life left.

### Cockatoo as Companion.

Recently a lady was seen taking a stroll through a fashionable London park accompanied by one of the strangest outdoor companions that one could possibly have--a cockatoo. This bird was perched upon the young lady's finger, and no chain or cord held control in case of flight. A West end bird fancier informed the writer that this was a unique case, so far as his knowledge went, of a cockatoo being made an outdoor companion.

## REID HILL.

Reid Hill, October 2.--We are informed on fairly good authority that D. P. Lee has disposed of his quarter section to I. D. McCullough, of Reid Hill.

A. E. Reid has returned home after spending some months in Washington and Vancouver.

Mr. E. Arney's new separator is doing fine work. He is now on Marshall Bros. farm.

G. E. Rowe has moved into his new and commodious residence which presents a very fine appearance.

Reid Hill is highly favored this year; there are eight threshing outfits doing business here.

J. I. Base has started operations on his quarter section of flax.

W. J. Wyatt has just completed a large barn.

E. R. Flockh made a business trip to Valletta this week.

## GOUNOD'S TEST.

The Bidding Composer Changed His Schoolmaster's Opinion.

When Gounod was at the school of one who was called the good Papa Pierson he was constantly scribbling musical notes. One day the school master sent for him into his study.

"Your parents complain," said Pierson. "They do not wish any musician in their family. You must be a professor."

"Never!"

"Your only choice is between Greek and Latin."

"But I will be a musician," said Gounod.

"You will? Give it up, I say. It is a profession at all. However, we will just see what you can do. Here's pen and paper. Compose for me a new air to Joseph's words. A piece au sortir de l'enfance."

It was the recreation hour.

Before the bell sounded for the studies to begin again Gounod came back with his paper completely covered.

"Already?" cried Pierson. "Well, sing it then!"

Gounod sang and accompanied himself and so deeply affected poor Papa Pierson that with tears he pressed him in his arms and exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear boy! Henceforth they may say what they like, but a musician you shall be and nothing else."

From the German.

## LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

He Intended to Be Generous, but His Love Thought Otherwise.

"What is the matter?" inquired her dearest friend as she was ushered into the boudoir of her newly married husband and found, instead of the vision of happiness she had expected, a disheveled heroine largely dissolved in tears.

"What is the matter?"

"Algeron has gone away for a week."

"But, my child, you don't mean to say that you are such turtle doves that you can't spare him for a week without making a scene like this?"

"Oh, no, it isn't that at all! Of course it is hard to live alone, but he has at last shown me what a monster he is."

"Why, this is shocking! What can he have done? You haven't found he was already married or?"

"No, no, no! It's only that he is a heartless, miserly creature. Only think! I asked him to leave me a check to pay for things while he was away."

"Well, surely he didn't refuse?"

"No; worse than that--far worse! He just wanted to wound and humiliate me! He left me a check, all dated and signed, complete, except that he didn't put any amount in! Wasn't that very cruel?"--Judge.

A willing mind makes a hard journey.--Mason.

## Millinery! Millinery!

MRS. METCALFE

WILL BE AT

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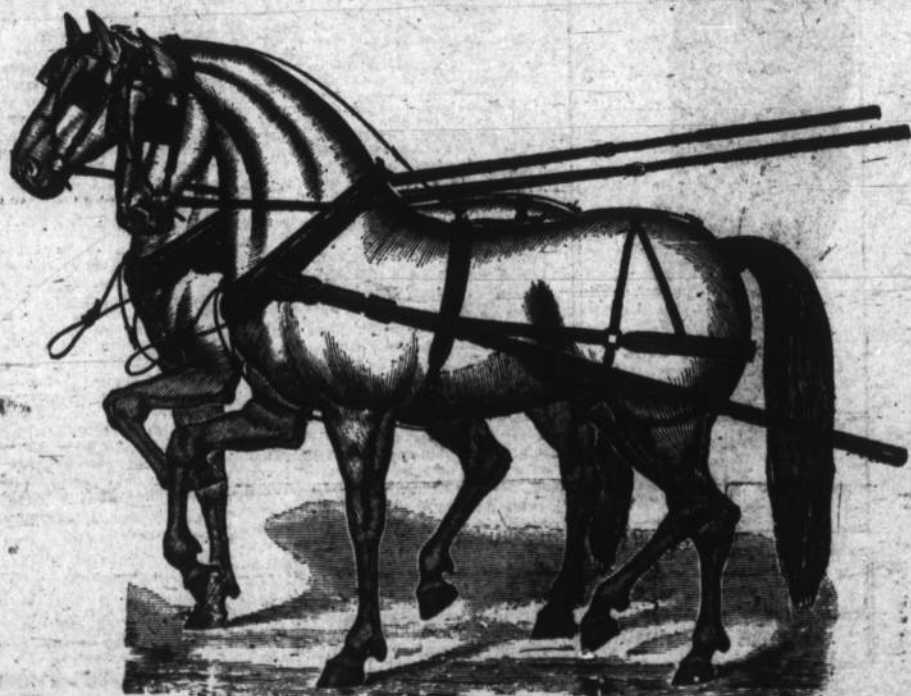
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### Get His Whole Job.

A constable died two years ago at Worcester, Eng., and not only did his successor take his clothes and number, but also his beat. He went to lodge with the widow, and now has married her.

### Shooting Stars.

According to Cosmos, the mean height at which shooting stars first become visible is eighty-one miles. The mean height of their disappearance is about fifty-eight miles. The mean length of their visible path is about forty-five miles.

### Spick and Span.

"Spick and span" is a term derived from the stretching of a new piece of cloth on spikes (books) and span (stretchers).

### A Little One.

Fig--Talk about your green servant girls. My wife told ours to put a little nutmeg in the custard she was making this afternoon. Fogg--And did she do it? Fig--Oh, yes; she put a little nutmeg in. All right. I came near choking over the blamed thing.--Boston Transcript.

### Aristocrat.

The word "aristocracy" comes from the Greek "aristos" (best) and "archos" (rule), meaning the rule of the best. Literally aristocrat means the "best man."

God hath voked to Gull her pale tormentor, Mobery--Bryant.



# THE END OF THE THREAD

And What Came of It

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Phineas Clode lowered his silk umbrella, shook the clinging raindrops therefrom and opened the front door of the boarding house.

As he entered the cheery red carpeted hall a kitten playing with a spool of white thread dashed away with a wave of a ridiculously small tail, leaving the spool on the floor with the loose thread running under the heavy curtains that hung before the parlor door.

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Clode under his breath as he placed his umbrella in the stand and stooped to pick up the spool. His neat and orderly spirit was shocked at the sight of the tangled thread on the floor.

So he began to wind it on to the spool, and he wound most industriously for five minutes before he reached the end of the thread, which had a small loop in it. This he fastened neatly in the little notch cut in the end of the spool and dropped the spool on the table beside the parlor door. At least Mr. Clode thought he dropped the spool there, but as a matter of fact it rolled off into the umbrella stand and fell among the folds of Mr. Clode's silk umbrella.

At the dinner table Phineas Clode was pleased to note that a newcomer was placed opposite to him. She was a small, fair woman, rather delicate looking, and as she walked into the dining room he noted that she limped slightly. Mrs. Rowell, his landlady, introduced Phineas to the stranger. Her name was Miss Cynthia Felton.

"Miss Felton is my second cousin," said Mrs. Rowell, with an amiable smile at the middle aged bachelor, who was in every respect her "star" boarder. "She is going to remain with me all winter."

Phineas Clode felt a vague pleasure in knowing that he would have this sweet faced vis-a-vis for several



"MIDSUMMER LOVE," REPEATED PHINEAS REMINISCENTLY.

months. He was startled out of a dream of many quiet games of chess with Miss Felton by the voice of Mrs. Bennett, his next neighbor.

"Somebody taken your lace?" she asked in her hard shrill voice. "I call that mean."

"Oh, no; I didn't say any one had taken it!" protested Miss Felton, with a shocked glance around the table. "I merely said I had lost it."

Meantime Phineas Clode ate his supper quite innocent of any participation in the disappearance of the lace. He had planned out his evening with the same precision that he devoted to the neatly kept ledgers in the warehouse where he had been head book-keeper for many years.

As soon as he had eaten his dinner he would walk three times around the block while he smoked a cigar. Then he would return to his boarding house and read the evening paper in his comfortable alcove bedroom.

As soon as he had met Miss Felton, however, he thought he recognized the quiet, concentrated mind of a chess player. If she didn't know how to play he might teach her.

So after he had walked around the block three times and returned to the boarding house parlor to report that the rain had ceased, although the sky was still overcast, he joined Miss Felton at the round table where she was engaged in some intricate needlework which employed the drawing of many threads from a piece of linen and then sewing the threads together in confusing groups that finally evolved into a charming pattern.

"This is called drawn work," explained Miss Felton in response to his question.

"The lace you lost—I heard you mention it at the table—was it something like this?" Phineas gazed vaguely around the room as though he thought some lucky chance might reveal the hiding place of the lost lace.

"Oh, no, indeed. It was knitted lace. It was such a pretty pattern!"

"What was it like?" inquired Phineas gravely. He was interested in it

and growing more so every moment because Miss Felton was so sweet.

"Well," said Miss Felton, dropping her work and folding her pretty white hands, "it had a background of tiny butterflies with roses here and there. A friend of mine originated the pattern and set the stitches for me just before I left home. She has since died. So the midsummer love pattern—that's what she called it—will never be made after all."

"Midsummer love," repeated Phineas reminiscently. "Seems to me I used to know a song called that."

"Yes, there is one—I used to know that. It went this way." And Miss Felton hummed under her breath in a sweet, rich tone, and Phineas joined in his good tenor, and they both blushed and looked guilty when the bridge players at the other end of the room encircled their effort.

After awhile Miss Felton went to the piano and played some accompaniments for Phineas, who sang "The Soldier's Farewell" and "Mary of Argyll." Then, to Phineas' delight, he learned that Miss Felton was a devoted chess player, and the rest of the evening was spent in a quiet corner of the room over the chess table.

At exactly 8:30 the next morning Phineas Clode put on his hat and mackintosh and picked his umbrella out of the hall stand, for it was raining again. As he accomplished this apparently unimportant act Miss Felton came slowly down the stairway, while at the same moment there emerged from the dining room, which he had just left, Mrs. Bennett and Miss Chase, the stenographer.

When morning greetings had been exchanged Mrs. Bennett called up to Miss Felton, who had paused halfway down the stairs.

"Did you find your lace, Miss Felton?"

"No, indeed; not a trace of it."

"Odd where 'tis," clipped Miss Chase. "Raining!" she asked Phineas.

"Yes, I believe so," replied Phineas, giving his umbrella a little shake as he opened the front door.

Then that spool of thread flew out and rolled slowly down the breadth of red carpet.

Phineas stared. Mrs. Bennett smiled significantly at Miss Chase, who murmured, "Search me!" Miss Felton peered over the banister and looked at the spool.

"Why, that looks like my thread," she cried. "Where can it have come from, and where is my lace?"

"It came out of Mr. Clode's umbrella," said Mrs. Bennett dryly as she, picked up the spool and handed it to Miss Felton. Mrs. Bennett did not like Mr. Clode—that is, not since he had given her plainly to understand that he was quite satisfied with his state of single blessedness. Mrs. Bennett was a stout, blond widow.

"So long!" murmured Miss Chase, taking herself and her stenographic sentences from the house, and she was immediately followed by Mrs. Bennett.

"I haven't the slightest idea how it happened," Miss Felton, stammered Phineas, growing redder every moment as Miss Felton looked oddly at him. "That is, I thought I placed the spool on the table last night. It must have fallen into my umbrella."

"But where did you find it, Mr. Clode?" asked the little woman gently.

Then Phineas recollected all about the kitten which had been playing with a spool of thread in the front hall the evening before and how he had rescued the spool and carefully wound the loose thread upon it and finally had fastened the little loop in the end of the thread in the notch in the spool.

Miss Felton shook her head regretfully. "Ah, Mr. Clode, see what you have done. It was you who unraveled my knitted lace, the pattern of midsummer love. It was on the table beside me, and I never saw it as it was pulled to the floor. It is amusing too!" She laughed a gay little laugh, and Phineas Clode felt a desire to embrace her then and there for her sweetness in not being severe with him. He understood that ladies were very particular about their lace patterns and might become attached to some particular ones, and he would not have blamed her if she had cut his acquaintance then and there.

For the first time in his life he was late to business that morning, and he paid so little attention to his underlings in the office that they put in an amazingly idle day. When the office was closed he put on his hat and paid a visit to an old friend of his mother's, an aged lady who lived in Brooklyn and whom he remembered to be always engaged in some sort of "fancy work."

"Midsummer love lace pattern?" she murmured in response to his blushing inquiry. "What's got into you, Phineas? Not knitting lace, are you?"

"No, indeed!" he hastened to assure her. "I merely want it for a friend."

"Well, I haven't got such a thing, but I have got a pattern you can take to her. No one ever made it except myself, but I'll send it to her because she's your friend, Phineas." And she gave it to him in a sealed envelope, and he went away happy as a boy.

After dinner he gave it to Miss Felton, while the others wrangled over bridge in the next room. "I hope it will in a small measure replace the one I destroyed," he said meekly as she opened the envelope and drew out the pattern.

It was a dainty design of wreaths of orange leaves and blossoms, and planned to it was a bit of paper, on which was scrawled in an angular, old-fashioned hand, "Bride's Wreath."

They bent their heads over the lovely pattern, and a faint color bloomed in each face.

"I hope—that—may be prophetic," murmured Phineas softly, and Cynthia Felton did not chide him for saying it.

## IMMUNE.

He laughed with glee and said, said he: "I care not, no, not I. The price of beef brings me no grief; Let it go to the sky. And butter may go all the way To sixty cents a pound. While folk may beg to get an egg; Serene I shall be found."

"Were folk like me you'd quickly see Food prices take a fall. For trusts so bold, with goods unsold, Would soon begin to crawl. They'd make a flop, and rates would drop. Be cheap as cheap could be. The way to bust each wicked trust Is to become like me."

"I do not care for food that's rare. Care not for food that's plain. Why, its mere sight upsets me quite; To taste it gives me pain. What do I eat? I simply heat Some water in a pan And melt in it a gluten grit. I've got dyspepsia, man!"

—New York Press.



He—You are very vain of your beauty. Believe me, beauty passes. Yes, and ugliness lasts.—Pages Folies.

## Cause of the Uproar.

"Hey, officer, why don't you hurry over there to stop the trouble?"

"Over where?"

"Across the street there. Don't you see all those women fighting and scrambling? It's your duty to turn in a riot call. Come on; I'll help you till reinforcements arrive."

"You stay away from there."

"What do you mean? Do you propose to stand here and let those women claw at one another and perhaps cause a tragedy?"

"You go on about your business and never mind them women."

"But I insist that it is my duty as a citizen to interfere, and I shall report you to headquarters for your failure to look at them! The trouble's getting worse. They'll be smashing their parasols over one another in a minute. I'm going to telephone to the city hall for—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind, and if you don't go on about your business I'll run you in."

"Maa, you're crazy. Do you propose to stand here and see those women trample one another under foot and tear off one another's clothes? Something horrible must have happened. Listen! Say, this is terrible. Come on. Their frenzy is increasing. Turn in a general alarm."

"Say, what's the matter with you? Can't you read the sign above that door? That's an employment agency, and them women have just heard that there's a girl inside who's willing to do housework."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Hypocrite.

The Rev. George R. Lunn, the new mayor of Schenectady, says, "I don't preach 'Give to the poor,' but 'Stop taking from the poor.'"

Mr. Lunn, discussing this dictum the other day, said:

"The millionaire social reformer, unless he is a very sincere man, always reminds me of the husband who brought home one evening a bottle of champagne and a lobster."

"It is your birthday, dear," he said to his wife, and I purchased these delicacies as a little treat for you this evening with your birthday dinner."

"You are very kind," the woman answered, "but I thought you knew I never touch champagne, love, while lobster invariably disagrees with me."

"Never mind, my dear, never mind," the husband answered. "That being the case, I'll just eat the lobster myself and drink the champagne to your health."—Albany Journal.

## Routing Ennui.

Bliffkins and his wife live in one of those fashionable, childless apartment houses. The visiting friend speaks.

"Say, what became of that pretty bull terrier you used to have around to keep Mrs. Bliffkins company during the day?"

"The management wouldn't stand for it, so we gave him away. We ventured a canary, but they kicked on that. I suggested some goldfish, but Mrs. Bliffkins said they reminded her of swimming snakes."

"How did you finally agree?"

"Excellently! I bought her one of those Mexican jumping beans. It's as cute as it can be. Say, Clara, get our little Pedro and make him do some of his stunts."—St. Louis Republic.

## A Practical Query.

My little boy stood open mouthed while a friend elaborated the details of a sudden death. The patient had not been considered very seriously ill, and his nurse entered, bringing a baked potato for which the sick man had expressed a wish. "But," said my friend, "before he had tasted it he died."

A deprecatory sadness of such recital before the child, but I need not have feared. His baby voice piped out, "And what became of the potato?"—Harper's Magazine.

## TRUNK PACKING.

Some Hints That May Be Helpful to the Vacationist.

Make out a list of all of the articles you wish to take a few days in advance. You can then add to or subtract from this on consideration. When the list is complete check the articles with it so as to be sure that all are included.

Heavy gowns should be packed first, and on no account should skirts be turned inside out for packing. Let them be right side and arrange them flat, but if the top has to be turned over put a roll of soft paper in the fold to avoid creases. An abundance of tissue paper should be used when packing, and layers of it should be placed between the folds of evening gowns as well as in the sleeves of bodices and in the loops of bows. Delicate trimmings should be wrapped round with plenty of paper too.

Umbrellas and sunshades should be placed in a linen case made for the purpose. This kind of hold-all will carry a rug, a wrap, coat or cloak and a cushion, if this is needed.

When packing hats remember to fix them securely with a band of elastic, as this will then save them from shaking about. Veils, ribbons and laces can be packed with the hats. Wire frame fitted bathboxes are admirable for carrying one's most treasured headgear, and as these are made to take six or seven it will be seen that this is as much as the values of women need. The Japanese baskets, which are so cheap to buy, make nice hat carriers, but they should be lined with hollid before-hand and on no account be trusted to the care of the baggage van. Two or three hats can be strapped in these with elastic bands reaching from side to side, and if plenty of tissue paper is stuffed in between the bows and around the brims they will travel quite as well as in a most expensive hatbox.

## LAUNDRY HINT.

New Flatirons That Are Convenient For Summer Work.

A number of irons are now on the market for summer use when it is not desirable to have sufficient fire in the range to heat the irons. Some of these are electric irons, gas irons and, most practical of all for the country home, denatured alcohol irons, says the Cornell university reading course in laundry work.

For general laundry purposes one size of the ordinary sadiron is sufficient, but it is advisable to put several irons into a well equipped laundry, to use for the various kinds of work to be done. Among them should be heavy, medium heavy and small pointed irons, the last for ironing ruffles, laces, etc.

A frequent cause of poor ironing is the condition of the irons. They must be kept clean and free from rust to do good work. New irons should be heated thoroughly and rubbed with wax or grease before using. If irons are to be put away for any length of time they should be covered with a thin coating of vasoline, clean grease or paraffin or wrapped in waxed paper. If starch cooks on it should be removed immediately with a dull knife. If irons become dirty from careless use or from being left on the stove during the preparation of the meals they should be thoroughly washed with soap and water and carefully dried. To keep irons smooth while using them rub with wax or paraffin.

## Renovating Bathroom.

Of the bathroom or bathrooms in her abode the modern house mistress makes quite a fad, choosing for them all the improvements and luxuries she can find. She is troubled by the smallness of the area at her command in some cases and would gladly know how to achieve a sense of spaciousness if that were possible.

A small bathroom will display every inch to advantage by being treated in this way.

Paint the baseboard and side walls a light gray up to the height of four feet and finish by a wooden molding painted in the same color.

## The Popular Frill.

The fluffy plaited frill around the neck is wonderfully good looking, but



## ORGANDIE NECKWEAR.

only becoming to the girl with a pretty throat.

The frill pictured has three tiers of fluted organdie, each tier edged with picot trimming.

## Stoning Raisins Easy.

Stoning raisins is a sticky job, but this can be easily avoided if the raisins are first soaked five minutes in boiling hot water and then plunged into ice water.

## ARE YOUR LEGS STRAIGHT?

Professor Francke Says He Is Pretty Sure They Are Not.

Nobody has straight legs—that is, legs that are perfectly parallel. What are commonly so called are the mildest degree of X legs, while those that are technically most nearly straight are the mildest degree of O legs.

X legs and O legs are the names given to bowlegs and knockknees by Professor Francke, writing in the Muenchener Medizinische Wochenschrift, who bases his remarks upon the examination of 1,100 pairs of legs taken at random.

O legs always look like strong limbs, while X legs give the impression of weak members. Professor Francke lays down the rule that if when standing in a natural position the knees and ankles touch without forcing the subject has straight legs. If, with the ankles touching, there is as much as two centimeters between the knees, it is bowlegged. If, with the knees touching, there be two centimeters between the ankles, it is knockkneed, or X legged.

Children born with O or straight legs tend to become X legged while learning to walk, but this condition tends to disappear in men up to the twenty-third year or in perhaps 25 per cent up to the thirty-eight year. Women, however, tend to remain knockkneed or X legged throughout life, as a result of their skirts and their lack of exercise.

The ancient Greeks never had and modern savages never have X legs, which, Professor Francke says, are consequences of civilization and tend to imply physical inferiority.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## A MONSTER SUN SPOT.

The Newest One Nearly Ten Times the Size of North America.

The largest sun spot which has been detected within a year, a coal patch on the sun's surface, 10,000 miles in diameter, though its mark on the seventeen inch image at the Mount Wilson observatory measures but a fifth of an inch across, is now under observation at the Carnegie observatory and has been photographed several times since its appearance, on June 18.

The area of the sun spot is approximately 78,540,000 square miles, a surface nearly ten times the size of North America and in which twenty-five countries of the size of the United States might be placed with plenty of margin around the edge.

Professor Ferdinand Ellerman has headed the work of photographically capturing the spot, which is now moving westward.

"As far as we know," said Professor W. S. Adams, assistant to Professor George F. Hale, head of the local Carnegie astronomical institution, "these spots are cooler than the other parts of the sun's surface."

The question of whether the sun is growing hotter or cooler and the effect the cooling of the body would have upon the earth is still debatable. It would take us thousands of years to ascertain whether the sun is becoming cooler."—New York World.

## Balls Pitched in a Game.

It is possible for a pitcher to throw only twenty-seven balls in a nine inning game. No accurate record of the smallest number of balls thrown in any game exists, as no one counts every ball in every game. I scored one game in which Ed Walsh pitched only eighty-eight balls, seven of which were fouls, which I regard as remarkable. I saw Combs pitch seventeen balls to one batter last summer. The greatest number of pitched balls I ever counted in a game was 211. George (Rube) Waddell being the victim, and he weakened in the ninth and allowed five runs—showing that the strain was too great even for a man of his marvelous power and endurance.—Hugh S. Fullerton in American Magazine.

## Watches Are Sensitive.

There is in Cleveland a central office for the inspection of watches which serves sixty different railways. Twice a month every railway servant must take his watch to a local inspector to be regulated, and once a year it must be cleaned. Neglect of these rules may be followed by suspension or discharge. The officials of this inspection department have found that the watches of engine drivers with regular runs keep much better time than those of men who work in long stretches followed by a long rest. And the watch resents even a change of pocket.

## A Tricycle Street Cleaner.

Jacquelin, the French champion bicycle rider, is not satisfied with the triumphs he has achieved in the rink and long distance races. He has turned out to be an inventor of a very practical bent of mind. Jacquelin has just secured a patent for a tricycle to be used in street cleaning. A cylindrical brush is fastened by gas pipes to the tricycle. In front of it and between the two rear wheels is a basket or scoop for the sweepings. The machine does the street sweeping more quickly and thoroughly than a number of men can accomplish it.

## New Life Saving Jacket.

A public test was recently carried out in the Thames of a new life saving jacket. During the demonstration this apparatus was used by a woman and three men. The garment consists of a loose sack, about the length of an ordinary lounge jacket, having a ribbing fitted with a substance of greater buoyancy than cork. It is so constructed that the heads of the users are completely out of water, thus permitting them to take food while in the water.

## GOLD ON A BIG SHIP

How Bullion In Transit Is Guarded on an Ocean Liner.

## LOCKED IN ROOMS OF STEEL

After the Treasure Is Safely Stowed Away There Is Little Danger of Its Being Stolen During the Voyage Shipping and Checking the Kegs.

The natural assumption would be that in the safeguarding of the treasure which the various countries are constantly sending one another by the big ocean liners there would be required the vigilance of many men. This, however, is not generally the case, since, once the gold is stored away in the rooms set apart for that purpose on the big ships and the vessel is well out at sea, no armed guards are necessary.

Taking the specific case of one liner sailing under the British flag, we find that it has two strong rooms, the smaller of the two being in close proximity to the captain's office. This one compartment has no doubt sheltered gold enough to pay the cost of the liner many times over. The walls, the roof and the ceiling are lined with two inch steel plate, and the room contains nothing in the way of fixtures save shelving. The locks, which are of the double variety, are rendered still more secure by steel hasps covering the keyholes, and they are provided with massive padlocks. The strong rooms, being in the most frequented portion of the vessel, where persons are passing them at all hours of the day and night, thus receive the best protection, after all. There are two sets of keys, one of which is retained by the agent in charge of the consignment of gold and the other of which remains with the captain.

In the case of the British vessel mentioned there is another and larger "peculiar room," situated next to the provision department. This is about twelve feet in length by four in width. It frequently happens that both strong rooms are filled to their utmost capacity, and on one occasion this liner carried some \$50,000,000 in gold bullion packed in small kegs bound with steel hoops.

Gold usually is brought to the vessel on which it is to be shipped the day before the date of sailing, and it is stored away carefully before passengers embark. It arrives at the pier in ordinary trucks under the guard of armed men. The customary method of getting the gold on board is to haul the kegs up an inclined chute to the deck by means of a hoisting engine, but this method is not followed invariably. Sometimes each keg is placed in a sling and carried on board by men detailed for this service.

The receipt given by the steamship company sets forth that so many kegs have been received for shipment, not for any stated amount of gold to the value of so much. The kegs bear the government seal in many instances, and in such cases, when they have been safely put in the strong room, the iron doors thereof are sealed with government wax, the impression being broken only when the official on the other side comes to receive the gold. The kegs are checked thrice—when they are taken from the trucks, when they reach the gangway and when they are placed in the strong room.

Although no armed guard stands by the strong room, two men watch the room constantly so long as the ship is in sight of land. As a matter of fact, there is little danger of any one stealing gold in transit on a ship. It would be necessary that he should shoulder a keg weighing some 200 pounds and vault, with it without being seen. Masters of vessels declare gold is the safest cargo of any to handle.

The total weight of one consignment of gold shipped by the British vessel in question amounted to something like 36,000 pounds, or sixteen tons, and the freight charges amounted to \$12,000, or, roughly speaking, one-eighth of 1 per cent. Specie thus shipped is insured at its full value.—New York Press.

## Mark Twain's Profanity.

William Dean Howells read the "Tom Sawyer" manuscript and thought it the best story he had ever read. Clemens consulted him regarding the use of a certain vigorous expletive. Howells advised that it be cut out. Clemens wrote back:

"Mrs. Clemens received the mail this morning, and the next minute she lit into the study with danger in her eyes and this demand on her tongue: 'Where is the profanity Mr. Howells speaks of?' Then I had to miserably confess that I had left it out when reading the MS. to her. Nothing but almost inspired lying got me out of this scrape with my wife. Does your wife give you rats like that when you go a little one-sided?—Harper's.

## Odorless.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "who can tell me what the word 'odorless' means?"

Willie Jones was sure he knew.

"Well, Willie, what does it mean?"

"Odorless means without a scent," he piped.

"Right. Now who can give a sentence using the word correctly?" continued the teacher. "You may answer, Jimmie."

"Please, m'am, when you are odorless you cannot ride in the trolley cars."—Youth's Companion

Ability doth hit the mark where presumption overshoots and diffidence falleth short.—Cusa.



## The Secret Marriage

By Alfred Wilson Barrett

Ward, Lock & Co., Limited  
London, Melbourne & Toronto(Continued)  
CHAPTER IV

That touch, the knowledge of what was lying on that bed, cleared Easton's brain in an instant. In the next he had located the gas bracket, and groping his way to it had seized the tap and turned it off.

Then he stood still again for a moment, thinking. There is nothing to be done, he decided. Nothing until the room clears. Whoever this is is dead. I know the feel of death. I can only wait. My goodness, but it is rather horrible. I wonder who it is.

The room was clearing, but only slowly, and unable to stand the strain of waiting alone in the dark with that figure on the bed, the Major walked slowly across towards the window, feeling his way very carefully his hands stretched out before him, along the wall.

And then suddenly he gave a little exclamation. His fingers had touched the switch of an electric light and involuntarily he had pressed it.

In a second the room was filled with radiance.

Taken by surprise, Easton waited breathless for the explosion, which he felt must follow. And then he smiled. That's one advantage of electric light, he thought. And then, but why was the gas turned on if there is electric light in the room?

And he walked quietly to the bed. And then indeed his coolness did for a moment desert him quite; and he started back white and trembling, a cry rising to his lips.

For the figure on the bed, the face of his hands had touched, was that of Etia Brooke.

Yes, it was the fair one of the sisters who lay there—cold and rigid, gazing up at the ceiling with dark, unmovable eyes, her white hands clenched to her lips, her golden curls spread out and framing her head upon the pillow.

And she sang so prettily only an hour or two ago, was the thought that crossed his brain, as his presence of mind returned to him, and he bent gently over the still form. Poor little girl! But she is dead, quite dead.

Yes, there was no doubt of that. A moment's examination convinced him that it had been at least many minutes since the poor girl had breathed her last, and he stood for a second with his head bowed.

Then he looked up at last, a sudden suspicion chilling his heart. There is electric light in this room, he thought, three separate switches. Then why was the gas turned on?

And even while he wondered his eye fell upon a little scrap of paper, scribbled on with pencil, and lying by the young girl's side.

A note, he thought. My God, suicide. And quickly he seized and read it.

It was but a word or two that the paper contained, written in pencil in a wavering, uneven hand, but these words caused Easton to stand for a moment or two frowning down at them, his face white and thoughtful.

I can live no longer, Violet, you have taken him from me. This is your fault. Good-bye. Eda.

Then a sudden noise behind him made him turn. There was a cry the rush of a white figure past him, and a girl, pale and dishevelled had flung herself across the body on the bed.

Startled, Easton looked down at her, recognizing her at once. It was Violet Brooke.

Instantly, almost involuntarily, he crumpled the scrap of paper in his fingers, and crammed it into his pocket. Then he turned to the young girl whose cry of poignant distress

had driven the blood from his heart. Eda, Eda, oh, my darling, darling sister, she cried. Wake up, wake up! and then mercifully she lost consciousness.

The Major looked round the room, and seeing a bell ring it violently. No one replied, however, and a hasty search through the other rooms revealed the fact that, save for the two sisters, the flat had been empty.

Some help must be obtained, however, Easton realised, and quietly he ran downstairs to the hall. As he reached this, to his relief, the front door opened and a man in porter's livery entered. He looked startled at seeing the young man, and still more startled at hearing his hasty version of his adventure and the reason for his presence there.

I will run for a doctor at once, sir, he said, reddening confusedly. I am the night porter, and I shouldn't have been out, sir, but I have a little daughter very ill at home, and I took a few hours off.

If you don't mind running up to the top floor while I go for the doctor, sir, you will find the maid's room, and she will come down and help you. I shan't be a moment gone.

He vanished as he spoke, and Easton, taking his advice, flew upstairs again. On the top floor he found a servant's room containing a sleeping maid, whom he unceremoniously hurried up and dragged downstairs to the flat below. And together he and the girl succeeded in bringing Violet Brooke to some extent back to consciousness.

But the sister's return to knowledge and her grief at her loss, were painful in the extreme to witness, and it was with immense relief that the Major saw the porter return at length accompanied by the doctor.

This latter, a keen but kind-looking, grey-haired gentleman, quickly took command of the situation. It appeared that he knew quite well the two sisters, having indeed attended them on various occasions, and he expressed the greatest concern at the misfortune which had overtaken them. She has been dead some hours, poor young thing, he said, after a brief examination. How sad! So pretty, and such a charming young lady! This poor young creature will feel her loss terribly, I fear.

Fortunately, she is hardly conscious of it for the present. Well, we must get her to bed, and do the best we can to minimise the effects of the shock. Then if the porter here will just run down to the station and ask Inspector Wren to step up here, you can tell us, sir, what you know of the terrible occurrence.

Easton nodded, watching them as they carried the form of the almost unconscious girl to her room, his glance lingering upon her pale, lovely face and dark wide-open eyes. Thank Heaven she is not really able to realise all yet, he thought. What a terrible shock for her, and how lovely she is! How extraordinary that I should be the one to meet her again under such circumstances. It sounds a heartless thing to say, but thank Heaven, too, that it was not I, I suppose it is perhaps only a consequence of the strange events of last evening, but I really feel, as if I do not know when a woman's face has so interested me before. But I wish I had been destined to meet her under happier circumstances. The police will be here in a minute, I suppose. I wonder what can be the meaning of all this?

The Inspector arrived presently from the station, and the doctor and he listened attentively to the Major's account of the circumstances under which he had entered the house and his finding the body. Easton's name and features had been made public property by means of the illustrated papers, and the discoveries which had made his name were known to both the men. It was therefore with considerable politeness that they heard his story, and congratulated him upon the coolness and presence of mind he had displayed.

The rest of the people interested in the affair had little to add to the Major's account. The hall porter told the same story that he had told to Easton earlier in the evening. Anxious about his little daughter, he had taken unauthorised leave of absence soon after ten o'clock. He had seen nothing unusual before he had left, and his meeting with Easton had been the first intimation of any accident having happened. Miss Violet Brooke who was hardly in a state to give any coherent information, had apparently come in with her sister soon after the hour when the porter had left. She had said good night to her sister almost on entering, and had gone to bed. She had had a tiring day and had fallen asleep very quietly.

(To be Continued)

Artful George

Papa, said George, it worries me awful to think how much trouble I give mamma.

She hasn't complained. No, she's very patient. But she often sends me to the shops for things and they are a good way off, and I know she gets cross waiting, when she's in a hurry.

Not often, I fancy. Oh, she's nearly always in a hurry. She gets everything ready for baking and finds at the last minute she hasn't any yeast, or she gets a pudding all mixed and finds she hasn't any nutmeg or something; and then she's in an awful stew, 'cause the oven is all ready and maybe visitors are coming and I can't run a very long distance, you know; and I feel awful sorry for poor mamma.

Humph! Well, what can you do about it? I was thinking you might get me a bicycle.

Virginia—Well, he seems to be able to make an honest living.

Cynthia—Yes, but heavens! who wants to marry a man of that kind nowadays?

There never was a man so insignificant that he could not be annoying.

There is an auditor in every man's life to frequently check him up.

In a country town, a man must be have as well as in heaven, if he hopes to avoid being talked about.

### Never Asked a Fee

A granite shaft erected by popular subscription soon will mark the grave of Dr. Joseph Dawson, a physician who never asked a fee.

Dawson was buried in the little town cemetery two years ago, but his grave always has been unmarked. Nobody knew, just when Dawson came. He arrived with one friend—a collie dog and soon established a wide practice. Those who wished to pay for his services could do so, but he never insisted on a fee. What money he did not use for the actual necessities of life he gave to charity.

To the curious he said: "I came here from California. There I have a wife and child. I like your town and I'm going to stay here. For 10 years Dawson lived with his dog as a sole companion. When he died the tribute paid to him was: 'He had more friends than any man in the country.'"

Long Standing Asthma—Many have suffered so long from asthma and have tried so many so-called remedies they think that there is no real help for them. They should read the letters received by the manufacturers of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy from hundreds of cases once as desperate as their own. Even in long-neglected cases this famous preparation brings prompt help.

General Booth's Will By his will the late General Booth has left not only all that was vested in him as General, but also his private property amounting to £487 13s to the Salvation Army, while the property (now valued at £5,295) which the late Henry Reed left for the General's private use—and which had enabled the General to live without drawing anything from the Army funds—has been divided among his children—Bramwell, Catherine, Marian, Herbert, Eva and Lucy. Personal mementoes were left to all his children and children-in-law.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff. Extravagant M.P.'s. Members of the House of Commons when they light-heartedly assented at the beginning of the session to the reappointment of the select committee to inquire in the expenditure on stationery and printing for the House of Commons and the Public Service generally did not presumably anticipate that some of their own little Parliamentary foibles would be ruthlessly exposed to the public gaze by their colleagues.

Few people will disagree when they learn that £45,000 worth of paper is used at Westminster every year and that of this sum \$10,000 is for special papers to suit individual preferences.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any one of Canada that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toronto, Ont. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toronto, Ont. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Blocking Traffic There were times when McFee glared in the fact that he was the father of nine children, even if they were on the lines of the proverbial human stepladder, but on the day when he was taking them out for a walk he felt chagrined.

He was walking along at a fairly good gait when he was halted by a policeman, who asked: "I say, you, what you been doing?"

Nothing, replied McFee. Why? Well, what's the crowd following you for?

A Pill That is Prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of these has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

Natural Query The Old-Timer—Yes, sir, we had two ice crops this winter.

The Newcomer to the Country—That speaks pretty well for this section. I'm glad we moved out here. What kind of water did you plant?

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. First Club Man—Poor old Jones was terribly mean.

Second ditto—Mean! Why they say that when he knew he couldn't recover, he tried to walk to the cemetery to die, to save his heirs the expense of carting him there.

Bill was Game Bill had been attending a banquet of his lodge. It was early when he got home—very early—along about 5.30 a.m. He didn't know how in thunder he could explain it to Mrs. Bill. So he took off his shoes and tiptoed very carefully.

But Mrs. Bill heard him. What time did you get home last night? she asked sleepily. About twelve, he answered hurriedly.

What are you getting up so early for? asked Mrs. Bill.

Bill was all in for sleep, but he arose to the occasion. My tooth is aching like fury and I'm going over to the drug store to get something for it, he said, putting on his shoes again.

From My Hunting Day Book The Mussion Book Company, Limited have been honored by the Crown Prince of Germany's instructions to issue immediately a translation of his volume "From My Hunting Day Book" in Canada.

In this book, the preliminary announcement of which has existed the utmost interest, the German Crown Prince records his sporting experience in Europe and America the work has been produced throughout under the most careful supervision of the Crown Prince himself, and is illustrated by a large number of photographs taken by the Crown Prince and the author.

The future Emperor of Germany tells of his adventures in a particularly bright and pleasing manner. While modestly disclaiming in his introduction, any pretensions to literary merit he writes of himself as a man who loves genuine sport, and to whom the poetry and grandeur of Nature are inexhaustible source of delight and joy.

The book is more than a volume of sporting reminiscences for from time to time digressing from his subject, the Crown Prince speaks with considerable frankness of his inclinations and his dislikes. Canadian readers will be especially interested in the account of his experiences in India and among a shooting party in Scotland.

"New Rivers of the North" by Hubert Footner, makes no pretence to be a scientific work. The author seeks only to share the delight of two amateurs in descending streams of which no man could say what lay around the next bend, and to convey a sense of the pleasure one feels in beholding sights that have not been published to the world at large.

The story is a daily record of the experiences of two men who launched themselves into the wilderness without guides, and after travelling some 3,000 miles in a 12-foot collapsible boat, brought home an unexplored river and a new cataraet to take its place among the wonders of Canada.

A Demon Bowler For many years Brown and Baggs had been cricketers, and each thought he was a better player than his friend. At last Brown challenged Baggs to meet him in a single-wicket match and the wager was accepted.

Brown batted first, and made nineteen runs. Then Baggs took his stand against Brown's bowling. Brown's bowling was so erratic that it was impossible for anyone to play it. Half an hour passed, then an hour, and Baggs had not scored. At last the batsman flung down his bat in disgust.

I'm going home to tea, he growled. Go on bowling, and if you hit the wicket I'm out.

When Baggs returned from tea he found the stumps drawn, and the friend they had appointed as umpire waiting patiently for him.

You've won, he said. What do you mean? I haven't said Baggs.

Yes, you have, repeated the umpire. Brown bowled thirty wickets. You've won by eleven runs.

A Bad Slip The barber (unaware that he has the honor of attending Professor Van Blinkbottle, the world-famous violinist)—Really, sir, you ought to have just a little more off, or people will take you for one of them fiddlers.

A Leader's Responsibility If you want to realize your importance, says Robert Burdett, just put your finger in a bowl of water, take it out and look at the hole. It is said, there is very little difference between one man and another, but that little is very important.

A man is said to stand on a little pedestal of his own who makes the most of what is given him. A man who stands on a pedestal is looked up to—a leader. A leader is one to whom some one looks for guidance. When the guidance is wrong some one suffers. When the guidance is right some one is made happier—hence a leader's responsibility.

The weight of a leader's responsibility is not determined by the prominence of his leadership. It is of little concern to him whether he is a guide block to receive ropes or a driving wheel to a great engine. The important is this, is he in his own place doing his own work, filling his own sphere, and holding his own post in the battle of life? It is of life's certainties—the absolute dependence one upon another.

What would be the force of value of a great locomotive but for the fire that burns unnoticed beneath the boiler? What would be the speed of the great ocean liner but for the stokers who keep up the steam pressure? The full realization of dependence and the keen consciousness of the power of example are elements that are always present when anything important is achieved.

That Was All A Western farmer, a Dane, applied for naturalization papers. The judge asked him: "Are you satisfied with the general conditions of the country?"

Yes, drawled the Dane. Does the Government suit you? queried the judge.

Yes, yes, only I would like to see more rain, replied the farmer.

He was very affable and free with his opinions, was this young man, but that was about all he was free with. To the man who had carried his not unheavy bag to the little country station he had given one whole nickel.

Notwithstanding the forlorn look on the man's face, he still continued to chat in an easy manner.

I shall never forget, he continued, the splendor of the scenery when I was in Switzerland. It was an education to see the sun rise, tipping the hills with gold.

Ah, interrupted the man who had tolled with his bag. They'll be luckier than me, weren't they?

If it were not for just one little thing, I once heard an inventor say, I would have the greatest invention in the world. That one little thing is the trouble in every man's life.



## SUSPECT YOUR KIDNEYS

When you have large back, frequent headaches, rheumatic pains, spots before the eyes, twinges in the joints, etc. Three-quarters of all human ailments are due to the kidneys failing to properly filter the system of poisons and waste matter. To stimulate, tone, cleanse and strengthen the kidneys, take DR. CLARK'S SWEET NITRE PILLS. Take them the first day you have cause to think your kidneys need attention. They contain sweet nitre and are other sovereign curative agents. Acute or chronic kidney disease can never get a foothold in the system if you take DR. CLARK'S SWEET NITRE PILLS. Sold everywhere at fifty cents a box or mailed direct by

THE MARTIN BOLE & WYNNE CO., WINNIPEG, CANADA

## More About The Loading Platform

The present generation of Western farmers will never know the difficulties and vexations experienced by their predecessors in the earlier years when no one could get a carload of grain shipped in bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system forced the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and oft times to submit to heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing continual dissatisfaction. Now however the distribution of cars as fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer therefore, should more and more endeavor to use the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmer's freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. If farmers refrain from using the loading platform freely, it might result in its being done away with, because railway companies and elevator owners are strongly opposed to it. It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say it delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortages. This we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded whether with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men that mostly causes grain to be loaded on railways and not lack of cars. Let every farmer therefore, do all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers grain strictly on commission, make liberal advances on car bills of lading, supervise the grading at time cars are inspected, secure the highest prices at time of sale and make prompt returns when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and market information.

## Thompson Sons & Company

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

701-703 Y. GRAIN EXCHANGE.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

### THE MINERAL SPRINGS SANITARIUM

PHONE 57, JOHN 1824, WINNIPEG, ELMWOOD. We are having the greatest success in treating the following diseases: Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervous Troubles, Stomach, Kidney, Liver Complaints, Skin Diseases, Constipation. Send Post Card for Prospectus. DR. A. D. CARSCALEN, Superintendent.

### Meddlesome People

Mules are about the most worthy animals I know anything about. They work hard, and live on half that a horse requires. I never knew a mule to kick anyone, or run away, yet no one ever looks at a mule without saying, "Whoa there!"

### What He Would Say

His Riverence—What have you done with the pig you stole from Widow Ryan?

Murphy—Killed it an' ate it, yer riverence.

His Riverence—Ah, Murphy, whatever will you be able to say when you are brought face to face with Widow Ryan and the pig on Judgment Day?

Murphy—Oh, I'll just say: Why, Mrs. Ryan, there's your pig.—The Sketch.

Castor oil is said to be the best medicine there is. Curiously enough it is the worst to take.

### Nuff Said

And you like chicken, Sam? Gee! Ah certainly does, boss. And you get 'em once in a while? Oh, sure, boss. Ah gets 'em. How do you get 'em Sam? Well, boss, you know dat ol' sayin' Love will find de way.

### Not Now

Who's the rummy you've just brought in? Inquired the police sergeant.

He says he's a congressman, responded the patrolman.

What district? I asked 'im that an' he said he was a congressman at large.

Well, he isn't! snapped the sergeant. Look him up!

A new play is entitled: Thou Shalt Not. The sentiment is not usually expressed so elegantly. Don't do that is a more common way of saying the same thing.

## Terrible Itching Got Little Sleep



Until Cuticura Remedies Cured Him

Those who have suffered long and hopelessly from torturing skin eruptions will read with interest this letter from Mr. T. Williams, 115 Pacific Ave., Winnipeg (dated Jan. 14, 1911): "The Cuticura Remedies certainly did work finely, and I am thankful that there is such a remedy, and that I tried it. About three months ago a terrible itching commenced on my body. I could not understand it. It gradually grew worse and covered a large portion of my body. There was also a slight eruption of the skin, sort of a rash. I suffered greatly with the itching and at night time I had little sleep. I tried one or two remedies which did no good, and then I tried Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent. In about ten days I was completely cured."

For more than a generation the Cuticura Remedies have afforded the speediest and most economical treatment for itching, burning, scaly and bleeding skin and scalp humors of young and old. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, with 32-p. book on the care of the skin and treatment of its affections, send a postal to the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 51 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

W. N. U. 81



# EMPIRE

## NAVY

### PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

The Chief Gunner.

**What the Chief Gunner Says:**

"There are two occasions when a gunner feels perfectly happy,—one is when his shot hits the target and the other is when he can enjoy a chew of Empire Navy Plug Chewing Tobacco."







